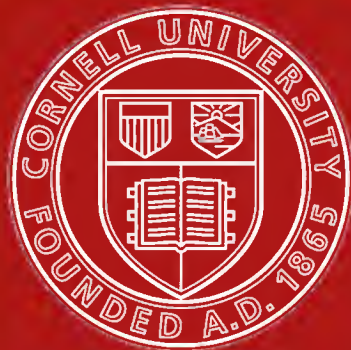


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The heart of Europe, from the Rhine to th



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SALZBURG, FROM THE HILL.



THE  
HEART OF EUROPE

FROM THE RHINE TO THE DANUBE.

*A SERIES OF STRIKING AND INTERESTING VIEWS.*

WITH TEXT  
BY  
LEO DE COLANGE, LL.D.

INCLUDING

*Illustrative Poems by Foreign and American Authors.*

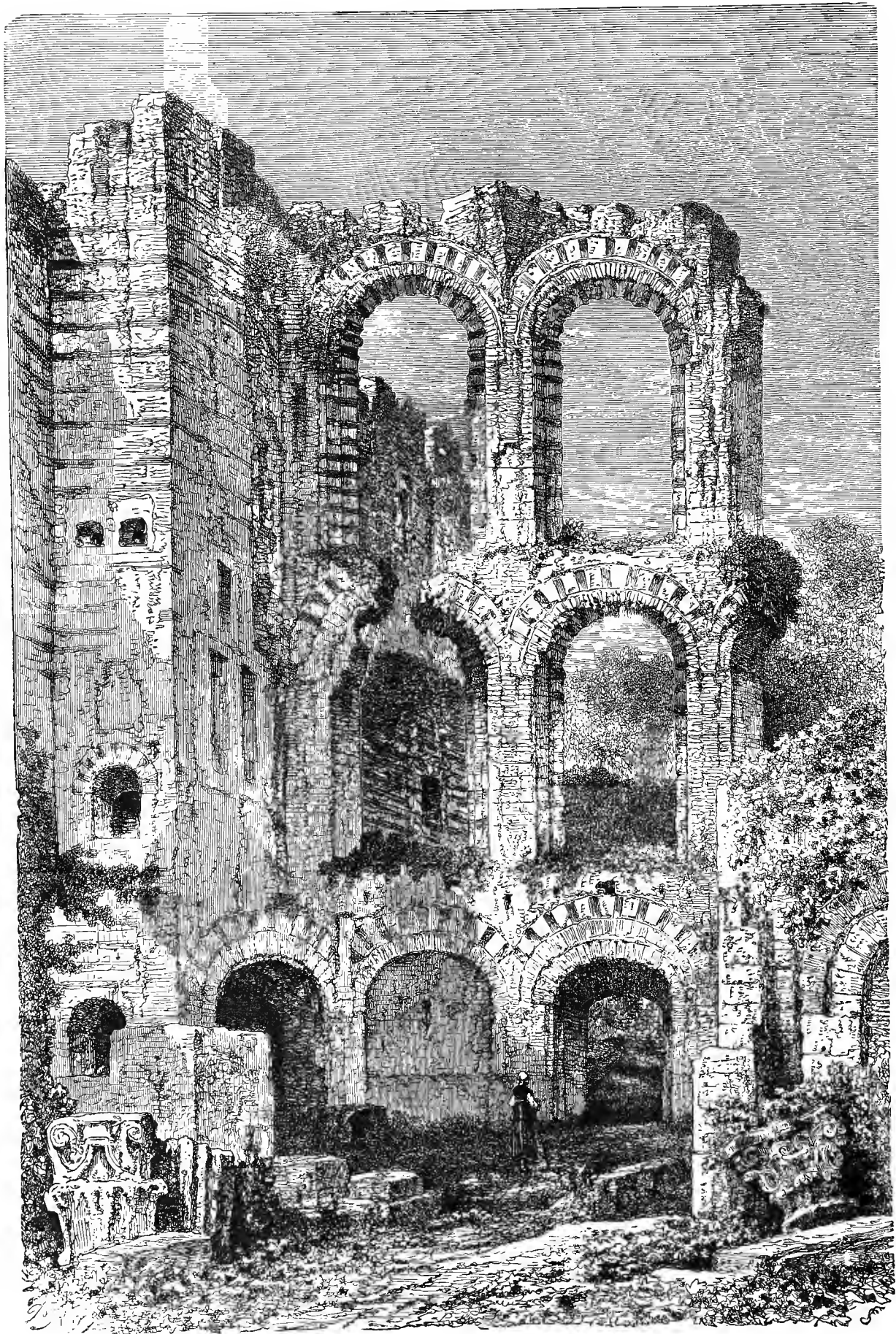


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ANCIENT ROMAN BATHS.

# THE HEART OF EUROPE.

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## DOWN THE RHINE.

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### THE RHINE.

HILLS and towers are gazing downward  
In the mirror-gleaming Rhine,  
And my boat drives gayly onward,  
While the sun-rays round it shine.

Calm I watch the wavelets stealing,  
Golden gleaming, as I glide ;  
Calmly too awakes the feeling  
Which within my heart I hide.

Gently greeting and assuring,  
Bright the river tempts me on ;  
Well I know that face alluring !  
Death and night lie further down !

Joy above, at heart beguiling,—  
Thou'rt my own love's image, Flood !  
She too knows the art of smiling,  
She can seem as calm and good.

HEINRICH HEINE. TR. C. G. LELAND.

VICTOR HUGO remarks : "Of all rivers I love the Rhine." It is a noble stream, worthy of the great nations to whom it has belonged. It unites all charms : it is rapid like the Rhone, broad as the Loire, tortuous as the Seine, royal like the Danube, historic as the Tiber, mysterious as the Nile, flecked with gold like an American river, overhung with fables and phantoms like a river of Asia.

Before history, — perhaps before man existed, — where now the Rhine flows, smoked and blazed a double row of volcanoes, which have left behind them two heaps of lava and basalt, in parallel rows like two enormous walls. Through this great road the Rhine found its way to the sea, and, how early we know not, the great family of Gauls made their home upon its



MAYENCE

banks. Centuries passed away, and Julius Cæsar came ; Drusus built his fifty forts ; Agrippa established his colony : the Rhine belonged to Rome. The colonial period came to its close amid the storm of barbarian incursions, and the Rhenish hill-tops were crowded with Roman ruins in the sixth century, as to-day they are with the dilapidated castles belonging to the feudal period.

Charlemagne restored these ruins, rebuilt the fortresses, and garrisoned them against the old German tribes gathering themselves together under new names, but with the same spirit which led their forefathers to the destruction of Rome; at Mayence he built a bridge whose ruins are yet to be seen under the water.

Here was a Roman camp thirty-eight years before Christ; and here, in 14 B. C., Drusus founded the city. A hexagonal reservoir, and an aqueduct of which sixty-two pillars are yet standing, are memorials of the Roman rule. It is said that Mayence was the scene of Constantine's vision of the cross, and it is unquestionably true that here was established the first archiepiscopal see in Germany. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries they called it "golden Mayence," for its commercial prosperity; and it is now the strongest fortress of the German Empire.

In the illustration is seen in the foreground the statue of Gutenberg, designed by Thorwaldsen and executed at Paris, the cost being defrayed by contributions from all parts of Europe. Gutenberg was born here in 1397, and it was here that he established himself, on his return from Strasburg, and in a house still existing he printed his *Biblia Latina*.

At Mayence begins the steamboat navigation of the Rhine, which brings it much stir and animation. We cannot leave this portion of the river without a glance at Frankfort-on-the-Main, its neighbor making almost one city with it, connected as the two are by railway, and by the most intimate associations of every kind.

Frankfort, the great imperial city of the Middle Ages, however, no longer exists. The narrow streets through which Charles V. and his cavaliers were wont to ride, the peaked gable-roofs, the wooden fronts to the houses all crowded with quaint and curious carving, have vanished before the demon of improvement. Whoever visits Frankfort, fresh from the pages of the old chroniclers, will be astonished to find how much of its past has disappeared, how little really remains of the grand old mediæval city.

And now we come to the very Paradise of the Rhine, the enchanting region commencing at Mayence and ending just below Rudesheim, which is called in German the Rheingau. The scenery here has no affinity to river scenery; it is rather that of a succession of lakes, each differing from the rest, yet all bearing a general resemblance, as might be the case in a series of family portraits.

The Rheingau is the vineyard of Germany; the cultivation of the grape has spread itself over every rood of ground in this favored region. Rocky slopes and crests, precipices where one can hardly stand, have been broken up, dug over, and fertilized. In fault of arable soil, the soft, friable rock has been pulverized. Far out of sight the vines extend their regular ranks, and all the hillsides bristle with them. Against this sheet of verdure are detached, at intervals, great Italian villas, with flat roofs and square walls, the summer homes of the wealthy wine merchants of Mayence or Frankfort; flags bearing the national colors fly from these roofs, indicating, as in a royal



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

palace, when the owner is "in residence." But rarely or never are there gardens or pleasure-grounds around these stately châteaux. The ground is too precious to be used for flowers or ornamental trees. All that an oak or a larch can do is to furnish a little shade from the sun; but every foot of land used for a vineyard is covered, in the autumn, with pieces of gold. At the foot of the terrace an elegantly decorated skiff lies balancing on the waves. To have a villa in the Rheingau and a boat on the Rhine, expresses the sum of human prosperity in this land.

The old town of Rudesheim is one of the most famous on the river. Tradition ascribes the first planting of its vineyards to Charlemagne, who, noticing that the snow disappeared earlier from the heights behind the town



than from other regions in the neighborhood, ordered vines to be brought from Burgundy and Orleans. The Brömserburg, close on the bank of the river, is the great show-place of the town,—an old robber-castle founded in the thirteenth century, and still in good preservation.

## A RHINE LEGEND.

By the Rhine, the emerald river,  
 How softly glows the night!  
 The vine-clad hills are lying  
 In the moonbeams' golden light.

And on the hillside walketh  
 A kingly shadow down,  
 With sword and purple mantle,  
 And heavy golden crown.

'T is Charlemagne, the emperor,  
 Who, with a powerful hand,  
 For many a hundred years  
 Hath ruled in German land.

From out his grave in Aachen  
 He hath arisen there,  
 To bless once more his vineyards,  
 And breathe their fragrant air.

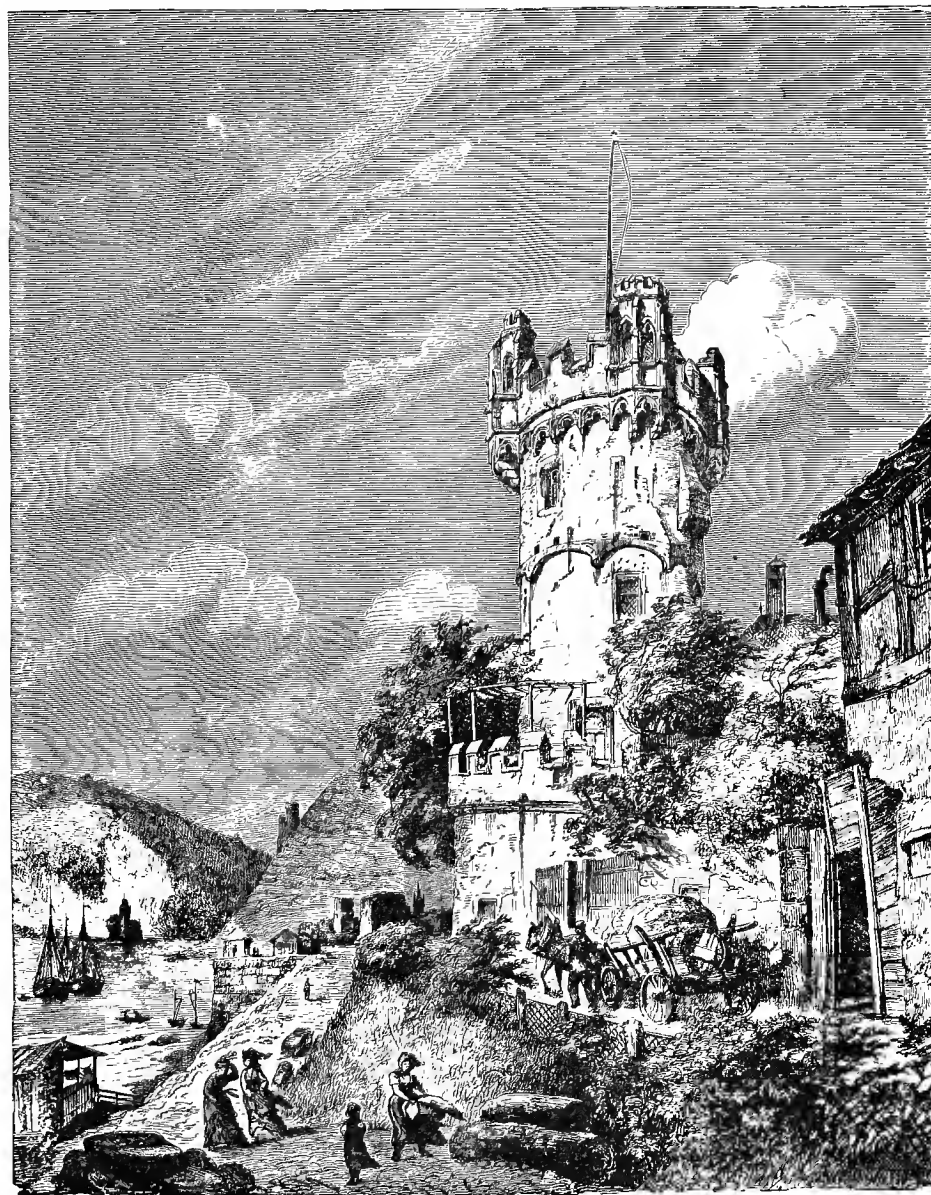
By Rüdesheim, on the water,  
 The moon doth brightly shine,  
 And buildeth a bridge of gold  
 Across the emerald Rhine.

The emperor walketh over,  
 And all along the tide  
 Bestows his benediction  
 On the vineyards far and wide.

Then turns he back to Aachen,  
 In his grave-sleep to remain,  
 Till the New Year's fragrant clusters  
 Shall call him forth again.

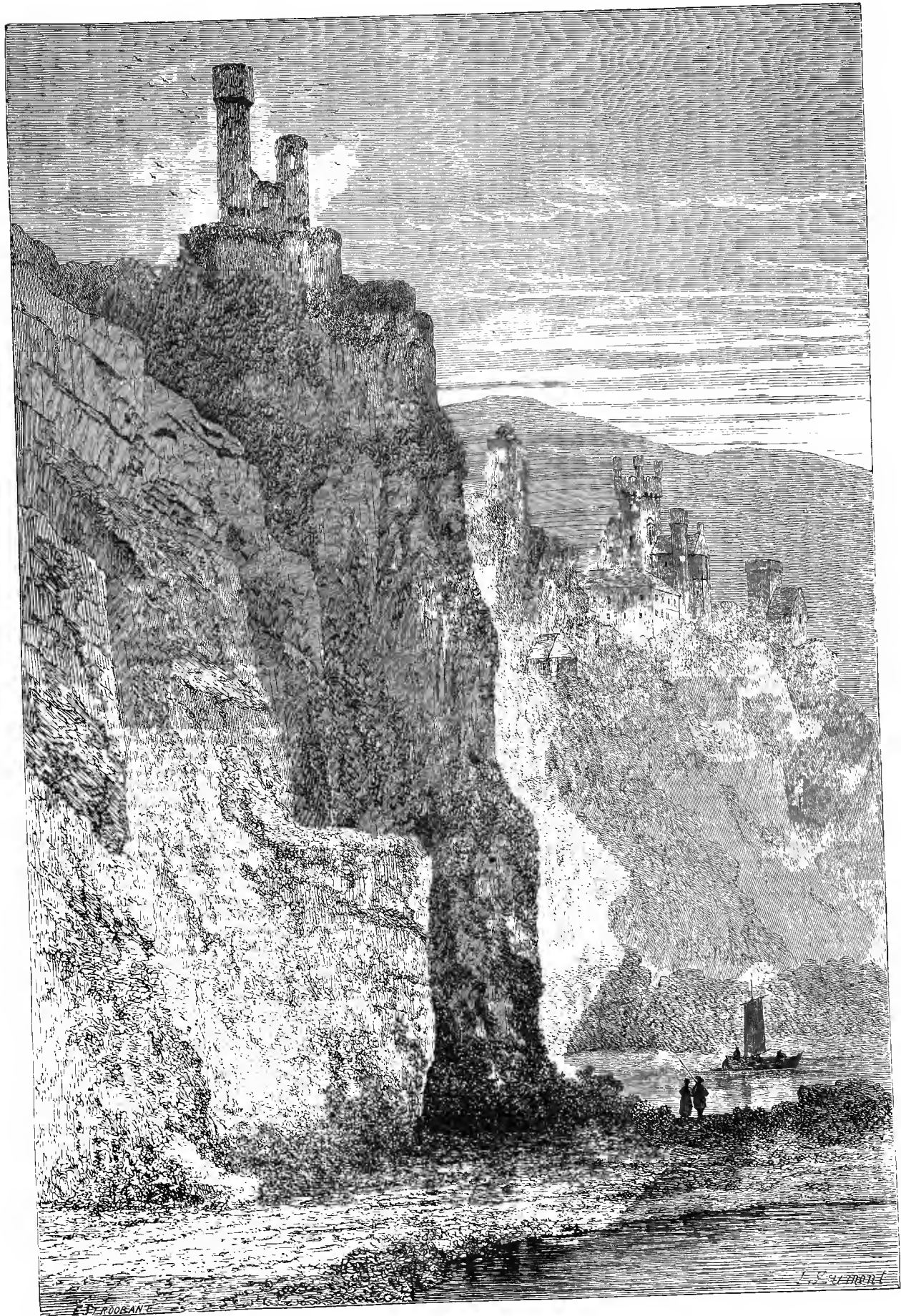
Then let us fill our glasses,  
 And drink, with the golden wine,  
 The German hero-spirit,  
 And its hero-strength divine.

A few miles farther down the river, on the left bank, stands Bacharach, one of the most picturesque and quaint of all the old towns of Germany. Bacharach takes its name from the old Roman designation, the Altar of Bacchus, and this well suits its character.



RÜDESHEIM.

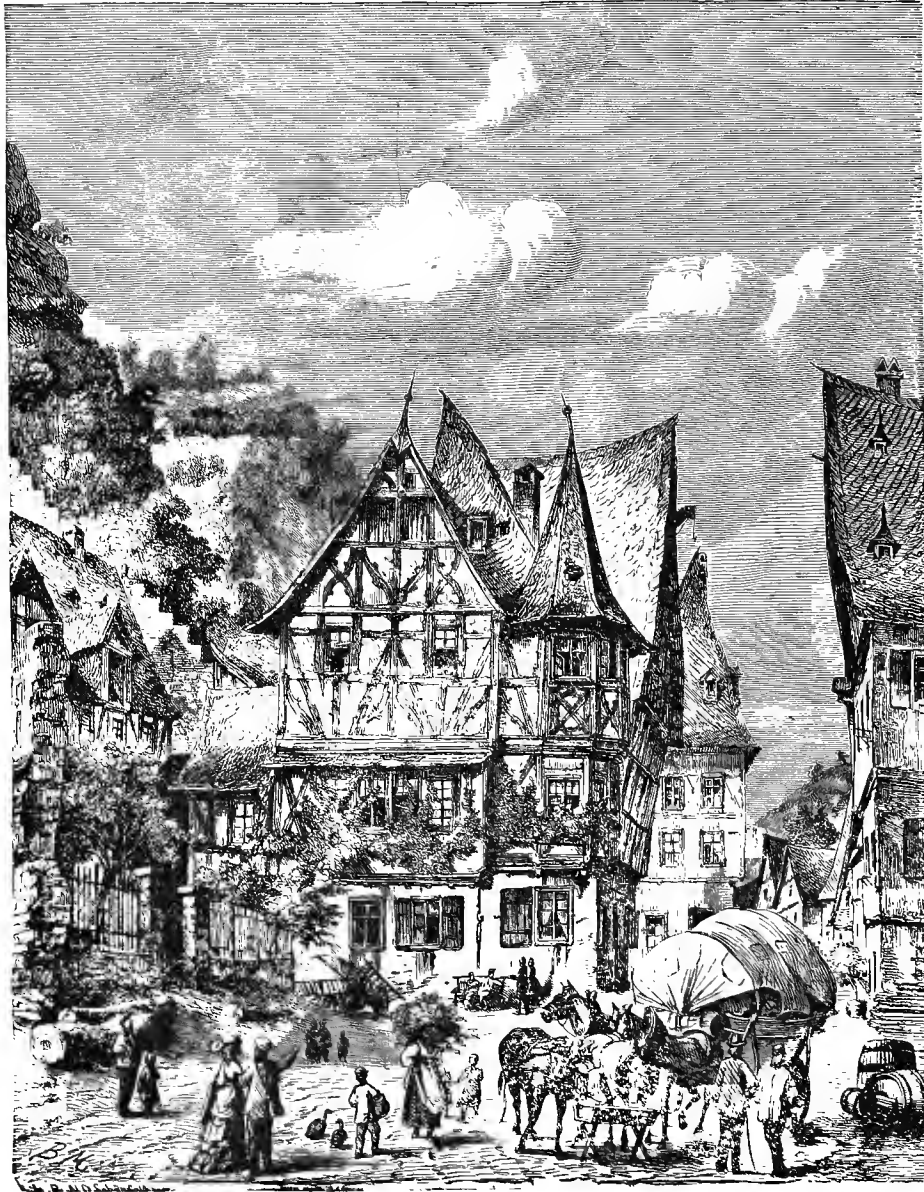
“You would say,” remarks Victor Hugo, “that some giant, who was a dealer in *bric-a-brac*, wishing to establish himself in business here, had taken a hillside for his show-case, and spread out his curiosities from base to summit.” In truth, he begins under the very waters of the Rhine; for there, just beneath the surface, lies a volcanic rock, according to some authorities; a Celtic *pulven*, according to others; a Roman altar, in the opinion of a few. Next, on the river-bank, are some old worm-eaten hulls of vessels, cut in two and planted



THE CASTLE OF NECKARSTEINACH.



in the ground, so as to make decent cabins for fishermen. Then, behind these cabins, we come to a portion of the city wall, which once was crenellated, flanked by four square towers, the most ruinous and shot-battered that ever human eyes beheld. Then, against the wall itself, in which are pierced windows and galleries for them, a curious medley of houses, with fantastic turrets,



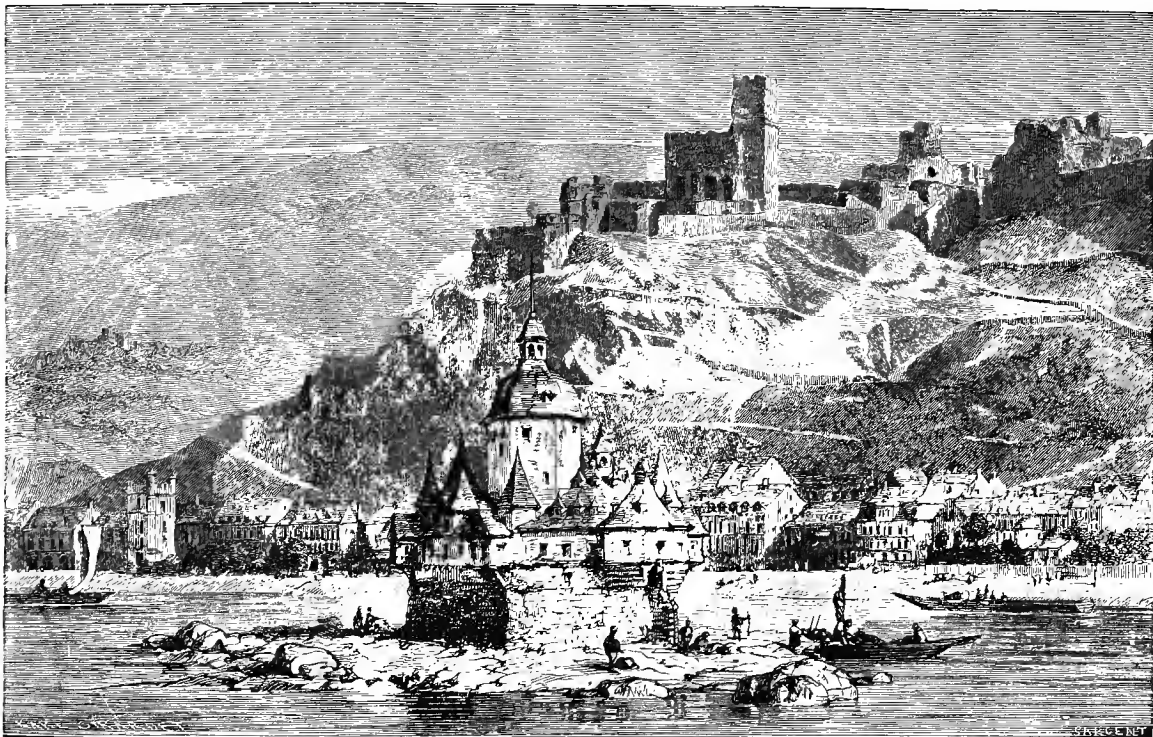
BACHARACH.

preposterous façades, impossible gables, — heavy beams designing delicate arabesques on the outside of some of these edifices, chimneys in the shape of tiaras and crowns (philosophically full of smoke), extravagant weathercocks that are not weathercocks at all, but Gothic letters out of old manuscripts!

And the old fairy-village, full of story and legend, is occupied by a picturesque population, who have, every one of them, old and young, babies and

grandfathers, deformed and pretty, — in look, in profile, and in attitude, — some quaint suggestion, some imperative reminder, of that thirteenth century to which their town belongs.

The Rhine roars superbly around Bacharach. He seems to love his old city, and to guard it well; and nothing is more enchanting than Bacharach in the sunshine. All the decrepit, withered façades grow young and beautiful. The turrets and weathercocks cast grotesque shadows everywhere. Flowers and women are in all the windows, and in every doorway some pleasing group of children and old men basking in the sun.

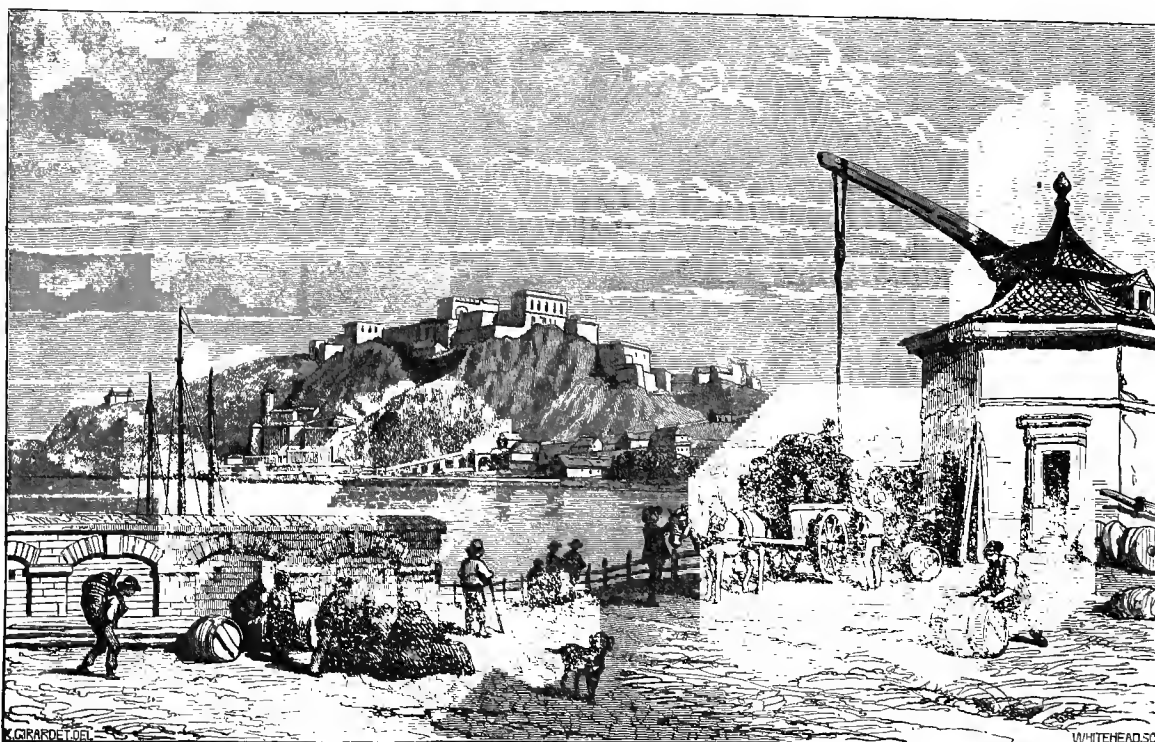


KAUB AND THE PFALZ.

Below Bacharach appears the Pfalz, or Pfalzgrafenstein, rising out of the river, and likened by some traveller's quaint fancy to a stone ship at anchor forever in the Rhine. It is a small pentagonal building, built by Louis the Bavarian as a convenient toll-house for waylaying passing vessels, and exacting tribute from them. In the narrow courtyard is a well sunk far below the bed of the Rhine, and the castle itself is accessible only by means of a ladder.

On the bank lies the little town of Kaub, with its slate quarries underground; and behind the town rise the heights crowned by the castle of Gutenfels. It owes its name to the beautiful Beatrix Guta, the sister of Philip

von Falkenstein, who was loved and married by Richard of Cornwall, the English prince, brother of Henry III. As late as the present century this castle was habitable; but owing to the expense of keeping it in repair, the roofs and woodwork were sold at auction in 1807, and the building converted into a ruin. In 1814, from these heights Blücher's army came in sight of the river, and all the advance, beholding the ancient landmark of their country, so long in French possession, knelt, crying out with true German ardor, "The Rhine!" "The Rhine!" while those who were behind rushed on, hearing the cry, in expectation of another battle.



EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Seen from the river, the great fortress of the "Broad Stone of Honor" (for such is the meaning of its name, Ehrenbreitstein) does not quite meet one's expectations. It sometimes seems to be nothing but a strange, stern-looking wall, running along the summit of the principal rock, leaping across the valley, and making a battlement upon the sides of the hills beyond. But as you approach, the scene develops before your eyes. Walls rise over walls, ramparts behind ramparts; flights of steps, gulfs, chasms, appear; bayonets glitter, and the muzzles of cannon look out at you through every opening. Ranks of figures rise from height to height, vanishing into the interior of the rock, and on the very summit a helmeted head flashes back the sunlight from its metal casque.

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall  
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball  
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light :  
 A tower of victory, from whence the flight  
 Of baffled foes was watched along the plain :  
 But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,  
 And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain,—  
 On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain."

LORD BYRON.

Escaping from this great temple of war, we find nothing before us but beauty, tranquillity, and content. Gardens, orchards, and fields spread out on both sides of the river, and soft outlines of hills rise in the distance. After some miles of this tranquil scenery the valley grows more varied and picturesque. The river flows in a narrower channel, its waters rush more rapidly, and the walls of rock that shut them in become loftier and more rugged. Andernach appears in the distance, a quaint, interesting old town, situated in a vast amphitheatre of basaltic hills. The church with its four tall towers, built in the thirteenth century, appears for some time in view before the town is reached.

Beyond Andernach there is a countless succession of castles and towers, some ruinous, some well repaired,—and each with its legend, or poetic fable, or genuine bit of history attached to it. Among them we would not fail to note the old donjon of the Godesburg, surmounting the hill of the same name, and but a little distance from Bonn. The hill itself was anciently devoted to the worship of Mercury, some writers assert; others maintain that the early structure known to have stood there was an open court of justice, of the German tribes. The traditionary account is, that a foreign king, with a mighty train of followers, arriving in the neighborhood, raised here a temple to the powers of darkness, and offered sacrifices of human victims. Through the power of the demons he tyrannized over this portion of the Rhine valley till the coming of a Christian priest, who routed him and his imps, and freed the country from the evil influence. In this fiction is traced the subjugation of this region by Julian the Apostate, who is known to have had a camp here, and very probably constructed a temple or a castle of some kind. After the emperor's departure, the inhabitants, who had been meantime converted to Christianity, erected a chapel dedicated to St. Michael.

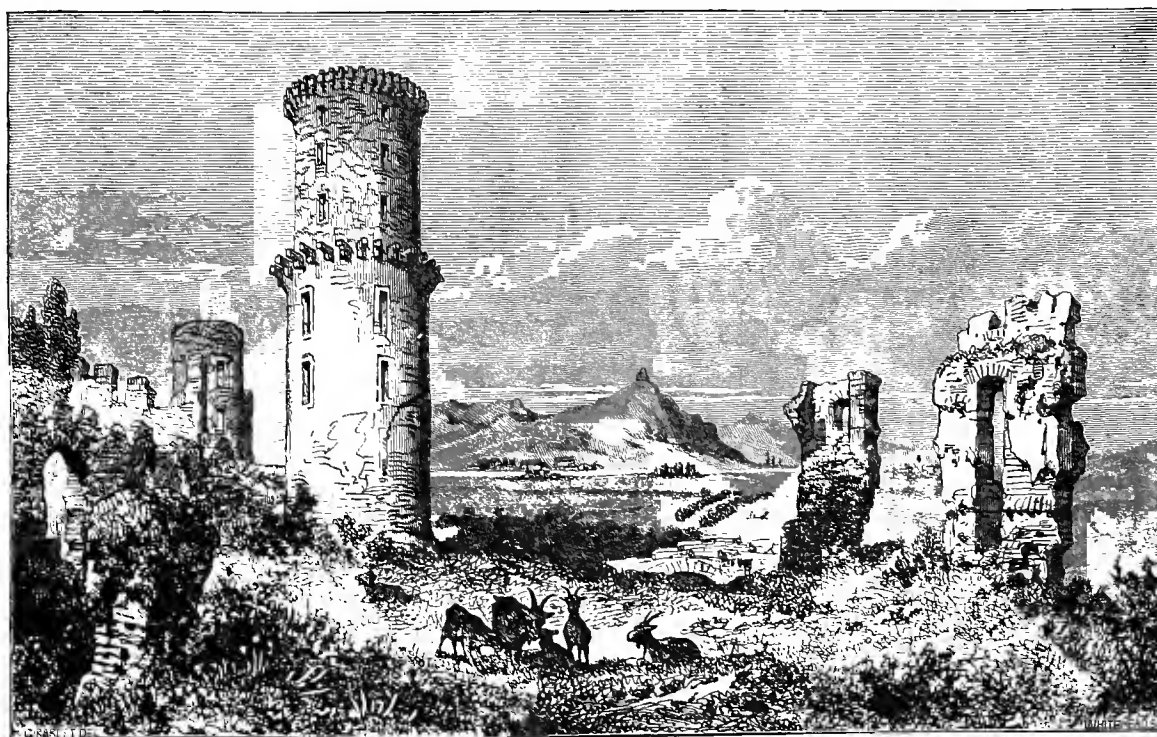
At all events these buildings were in ruins in 1210, and an archbishop of



the neighborhood used them in his turn as material for building a castle, which was blown up three hundred years later, leaving only the donjon.

This tower, which is ninety feet high, is a picturesque feature in the landscape, but has its special merit as an observatory, commanding a view of the whole range of the Siebengebirge, all whose summits are crowned with mouldering castles and ruined towers.

And now, what shall we say of the great city of the Rhine, by far the largest and the most important of the many which grace its shores?



GODESBURG.

“The destiny of cities,” says a French author, “is peculiar. A colony of Ubii, settled on the right bank of the Rhine, being unable successfully to oppose the incursions of their predatory neighbors, sought the assistance of Rome. Marcus Agrippa proposed to them to cross the river, and opened to them the asylum of the Roman camp. This change decided the course of history. The right bank of the river fell under the occupation of barbarous tribes, and possessed for ages neither towns nor commerce, nor any settled social life: the left touched at every point upon Roman Gaul, then in the full flush of civilization. Glance at the map, and you will see that nearly all the important cities of the Rhine are on its left bank.”

A few years later a daughter was born to the Roman general Germani-

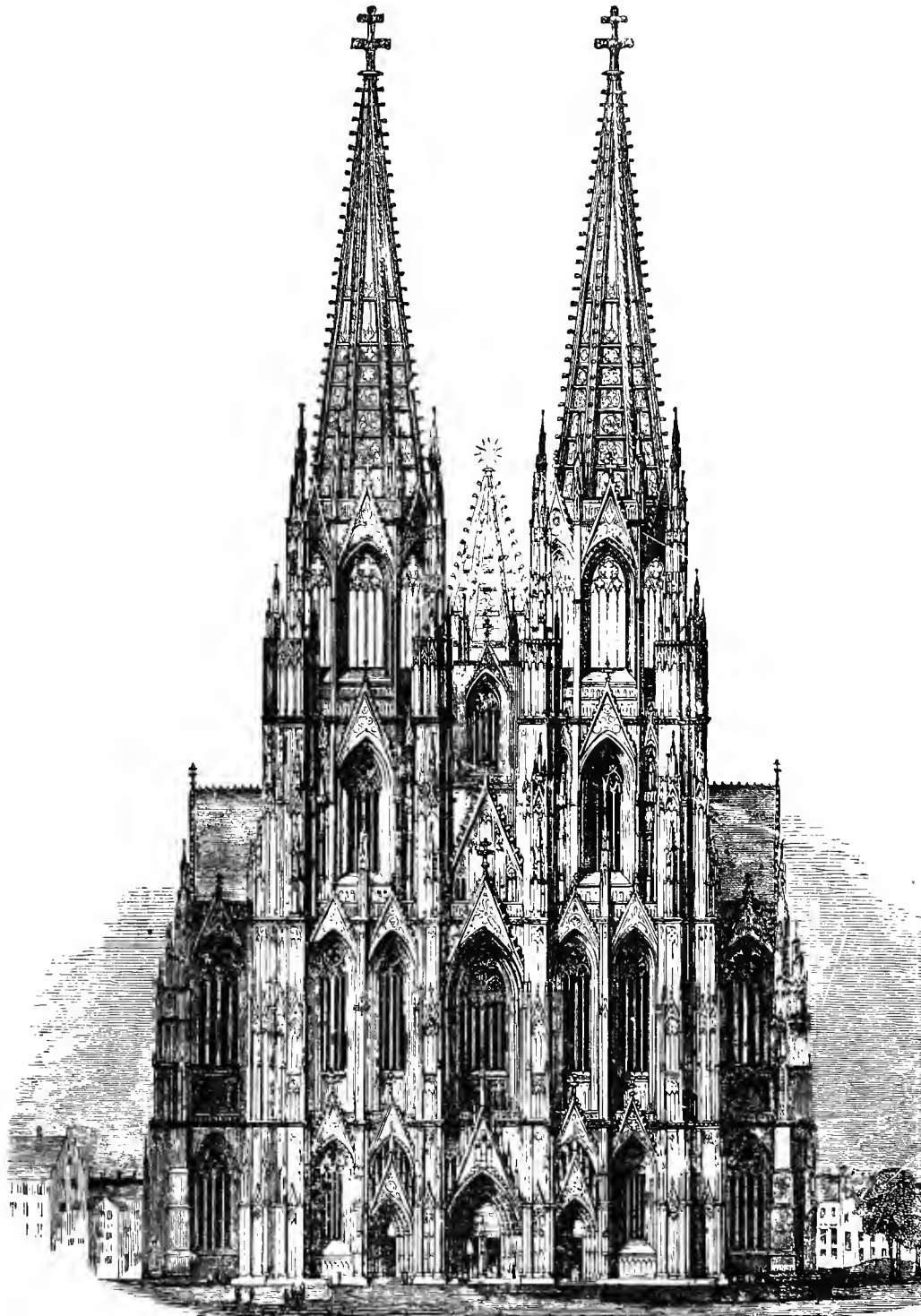
cus, in this Ubian camp. The child was named Agrippina, — too well known in history as the mother of Nero, — and the Ubii paid their general the politic compliment of naming their town after her — Colonia Agrippina. The second word vanished in time, and the city of mediæval and of modern times remains Colonia, or Cologne.

Can it be called a handsome city? By no means. It has all the disadvantages of the mediæval period, and none of its beauty. It is muddy, irregular, dark, poorly laid out, and badly paved. Seen from the river, its aspect is pleasant, but all the fairness vanishes as you lose yourself in its labyrinthine streets. It has its Cathedral, however, a priceless gem, without an equal in the world.

Fifty years ago the Cathedral was absolutely in ruins. The Revolution had used it for a storehouse of hay and grain. The Empire was no more respectful. At last the ravages of time, which were added to those of man, remaining unrepaired for centuries, the general decay and dilapidation of the whole building inspired serious fears for the solidity of the portion already completed. The roof began to give way. At last an accident brought men to their senses. The old derrick, which, from the top of the tower, had called in vain on generation after generation to complete the work of their forefathers, fell to the ground in a storm. The people of the town were shocked, and they voted the necessary funds to supply a new one. At this time, the same Frederick William IV. who restored Stolzenfels chanced to visit Cologne, and he at once conceived the warmest interest in the grand old edifice. During the next twenty years about three hundred thousand dollars were furnished from the Prussian treasury for the most urgent repairs, and a society was formed for the maintenance and completion of the structure. The king promised an annual subscription of fifty thousand dollars, and on the 4th of September, 1842, the second foundation of the Cathedral was celebrated with imposing ceremonies. From that date to its completion in 1880 the work steadily advanced, in strict harmony with the original plan. The first stone of this Cathedral was laid on the 14th of August, 1248, at a depth of fifty-five feet.

The famous tomb of the Three Magi is the most venerated of the many sepulchres contained within the Cathedral. It is a large case, so to speak, made of various colored marbles, enclosed in heavy copper gratings, in which three turbans, mingled with the other designs, strike the eye, — an odd reminder that these wise men came from the East. Three copper lamps, always burning,

bear the names of the three kings,—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar; and the same names, written in rubies, sparkle from the shrine.



THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

One other church in Cologne must be visited, that we may have a correct idea of its religious life; this is the old Byzantine church of St. Martin, whose round arched windows are less poetic than the Gothic arch, but have their own grave dignity and solemnity. One should visit this church on a

market-day, when the peasant women of the neighborhood leave their fruits and vegetables, and come in to hear mass. In their absorbed devotion, no less earnest because so awkward, we get a picture like some old wood-carving or some quaint old German engraving. The Cathedral belongs to kings and



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

bishops, but St. Martin's is the beloved church of the poor; and the two will represent the old Catholic city of the Rhine.

The famous Marie de' Medici, who died in solitude and poverty here in Cologne, is buried under the pavement of the Cathedral, and furnishes a text to many moralizers. "I went to see the slab that covers her heart," says one of this fraternity. "While I looked, a poor match-girl entered the church, set down her sulphurous basket on the heart of Marie de' Medici, said a

prayer or two, and went out absolved. The interior was thronged with Christ's poor. The scene was a rare one. I looked around me in the golden altar-lights. I thought I was in a forest—a forest at sunset. The choir was almost filled with rising incense touched with the yellow flare of the tapers, and it seemed through the columns like a vista into the clouds. The grand stems of the arcades rose thickly crowded, only they fell into a natural order and alignment like the trunks of pines; overhead they rolled to meet each other, breaking out everywhere into stiff, thickset needles and tufts of Gothic work. But this forest was not a solitude; it was crowded with speechless figures thick as thoughts. And it was not silent or simply whisper-haunted like the real woods. It was all inflated and swelled and dazzled and broken with pomps of organ music that almost overcame the heart, and made the pillars seem to reel, and the painted windows to rock in the Jove-like storm."

Beyond Cologne there is still a river Rhine,—but what is it? It is a broad canal, as dull as all canals are, and has even the further disadvantage that high dikes have been built along each side to protect the country from dangerous inundations. Its exit into the sea is facilitated by means of flood-gates, opened by machinery at ebb-tide, and closed when the tide returns. It is a stupendous piece of engineering, but hardly belongs to the department of the picturesque, and so, for us, the Rhine journey shall end at Cologne.

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#### THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

CATHEDRAL of Cologne!  
 Memorial of eld,  
 When German art excelled,  
 Long grown with age so gray,  
 Unfinished till this day.  
 Cathedral of Cologne!

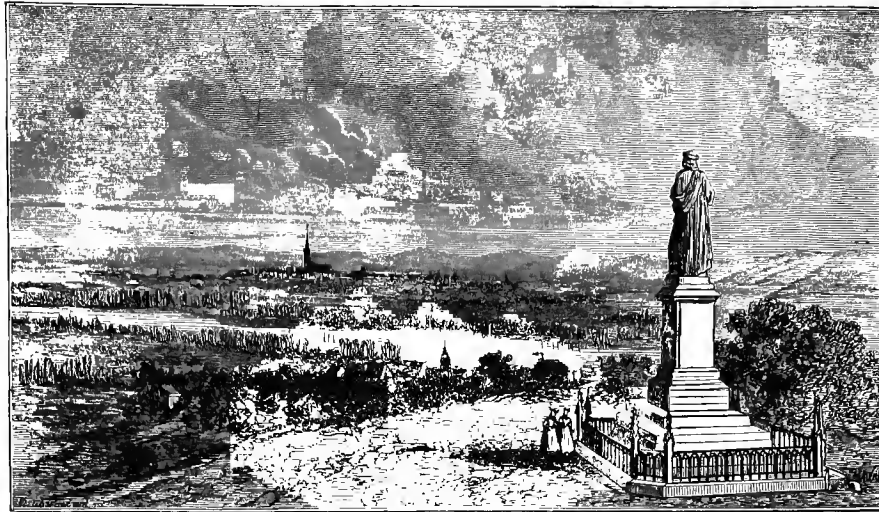
Cathedral of Cologne!  
 He who thy plan conceived  
 Died ere it was achieved,  
 And none to build the rest  
 Have e'er their strength confessed,  
 Cathedral of Cologne!

Cathedral of Cologne !  
The German sun declined  
The hill of time behind ;  
Who thought, in such dark hours,  
Of raising thy proud towers,  
Cathedral of Cologne !

Cathedral of Cologne !  
The master's sketch and plan  
Lay hid from human scan ;  
But lately from the night  
The plan was brought to light,  
Cathedral of Cologne !

Cathedral of Cologne !  
In vain was not revealed  
The plan that lay concealed ;  
And loud to us it cries,  
" Thy towers shall arise,  
Cathedral of Cologne ! "

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT. TR. A. BASKERVILLE.



## STRASBURG, THE BLACK FOREST, AND HEIDELBERG.

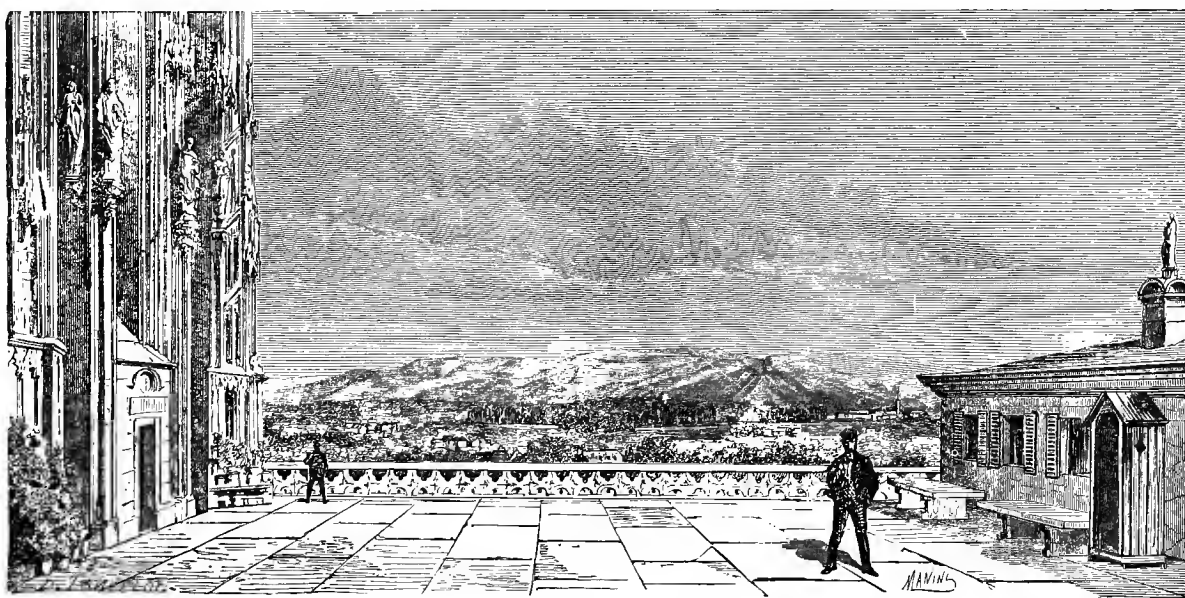
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STRASBURG cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to the traveller. Apart from the importance given it by the political events of the last few years, which have caused it to revert once more to Germany, the antiquary in its glorious old cathedral, its quaint, mediæval streets and houses; the engineer in its immense fortifications, which the present owners are rendering still more formidable; the political economist in its manufactories, and its position as the centre of four navigable water-ways of internal commerce, — are a few of the categories of tourists who will find in Strasburg food for observation, reflection, and digestion.

The Cathedral, or Münster, is, as it well deserves to be, the special pride and boast of the inhabitants, who lavish on its preservation and cleanliness as much care as does a Dutch housewife on her kitchen utensils and doorstep. It is continually being washed, scrubbed, and dusted from top to bottom, and it is doubtful whether there is a square foot of its surface accessible to brush or broom that is not rubbed and polished every week, or rather every day, by the custodians of the building.

On the platform of the lower tower, which is reached by three hundred and sixty steps, two watchmen are constantly on duty, to give notice, by means of a huge speaking-trumpet, of the first sign of fire in any part of the city.

To keep them there, a little house has been built for them, and as a proof that one of them is always awake, he is compelled to ring the great bell every fifteen minutes; and so, night and day, the city asleep or awake, the bell rings on. A queer existence this, spent at an elevation of about two hundred feet above the level of the rest of surrounding humanity, in ringing a big bell. In the winter months, at about four o'clock in the morning, with a stiff east wind blowing, we should fancy the position of the watchman snoring beside the stove in the house preferable to that of the one outside on duty. This platform is a favorite resort of the citizens in fine weather, and from it may be had a splendid view of the vast plain that extends from the Vosges to the Black Forest, and which is bisected by the Rhine.

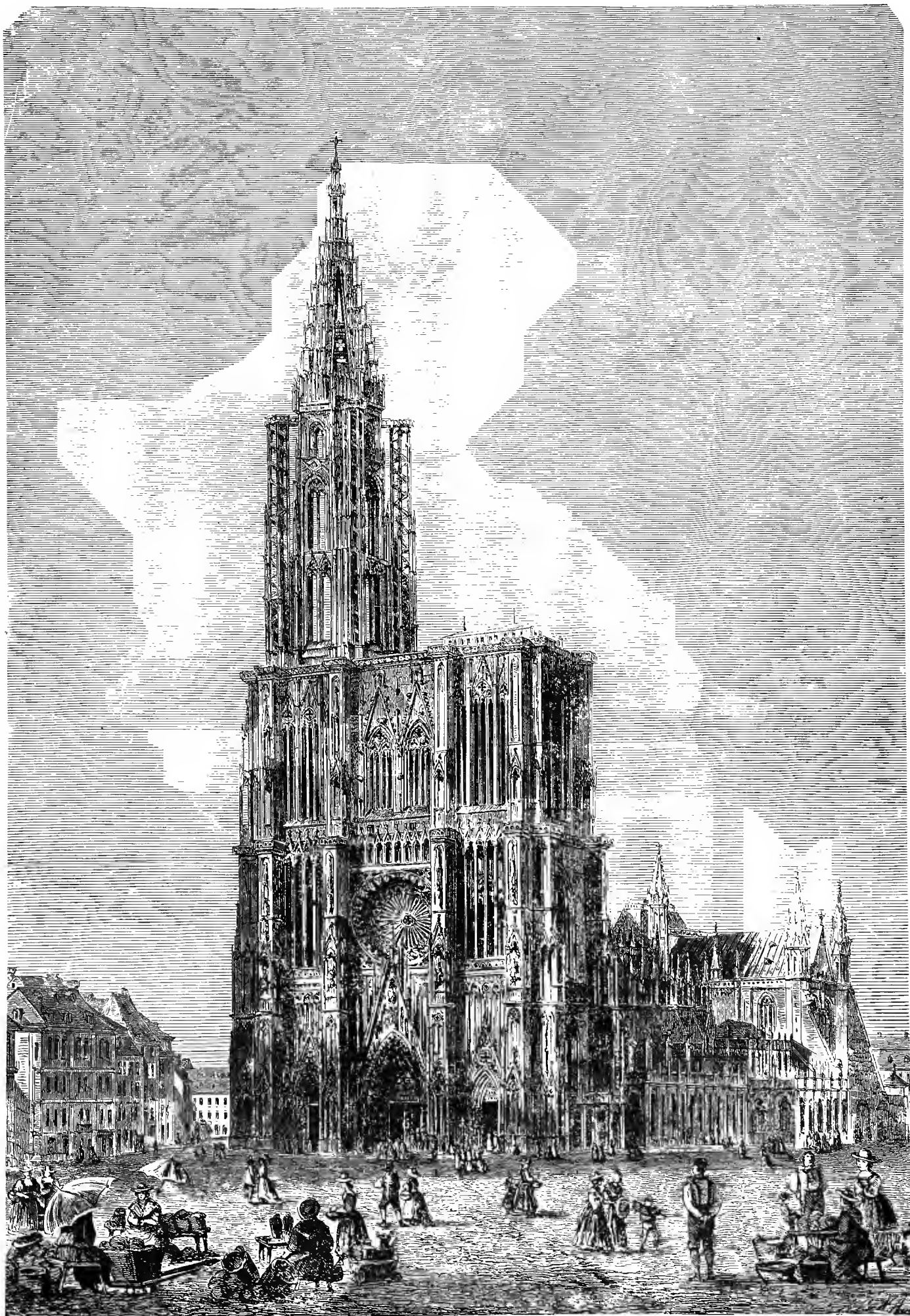


PLATFORM OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Strasburg has the reputation of being partial to good living, and the platform of its cathedral tower has frequently been devoted to the purposes of conviviality and good cheer. Goethe writes that he often used to lunch up there; and a German lunch, even though a poet's, would pass very well for a substantial dinner with any other people. An inscription on the tower states that in 1842 the members of the Scientific Congress then sitting at Strasburg were invited by the city fathers to a grand banquet given on the platform. How the members of the congress got down the three hundred and sixty steps, after the conclusion of the banquet, the inscription omits to relate.

It would require a volume adequately to describe the Münster, of which

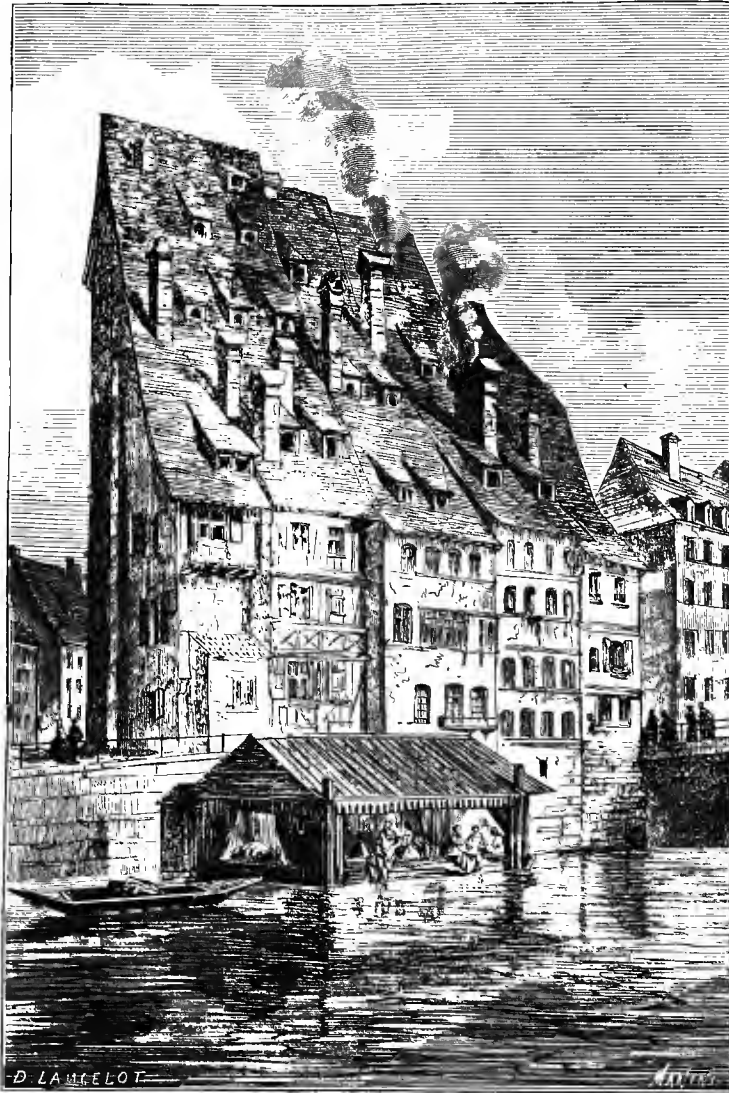




STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.



the accompanying engraving gives a better general idea than words could do. We will therefore confine ourselves to stating that this splendid structure, justly classed among the most magnificent examples of Gothic architecture that exist, was the work of Erwin of Steinbach, a sketch of whose statue we give at the head of the chapter, and was begun in 1015 and finished in 1601. After the death of Erwin, the work was continued by his son and his daughter Sabina, and completed by John Stultz of Cologne.



ANCIENT HOUSES IN STRASBURG.

The spire is remarkable for being the highest in the world except that of Cologne Cathedral, standing four hundred and sixty-six feet from the level of the cathedral floor,—twenty-five feet higher than the pyramid of Cheops at Cairo.

It is a masterpiece of taste and skill, built of hewn stone cut with such delicate nicety as to give it at a distance the appearance of lace, and combining the most elegant symmetry of parts with the most perfect solidity.

The magnificent panorama to be viewed from the top will well repay the toil and danger of the ascent, which requires considerable nerve and steadiness of head. The stone-work is so very open, that, in the case of a sudden attack of giddiness or the slipping of the foot, the body might pass entirely through, — an accident which has happened several times.



STREET IN STRASBURG.

The interior of the Cathedral is very rich in stained glass, but the object which excites the greatest curiosity is its world-renowned clock, invented three hundred years ago. This clock must be visited at noon precisely, that being the only hour out of the twenty-four when all the different figures make their exits and their entrances.

Strasbourg still bears in many of its streets the stamp of the Middle Ages.

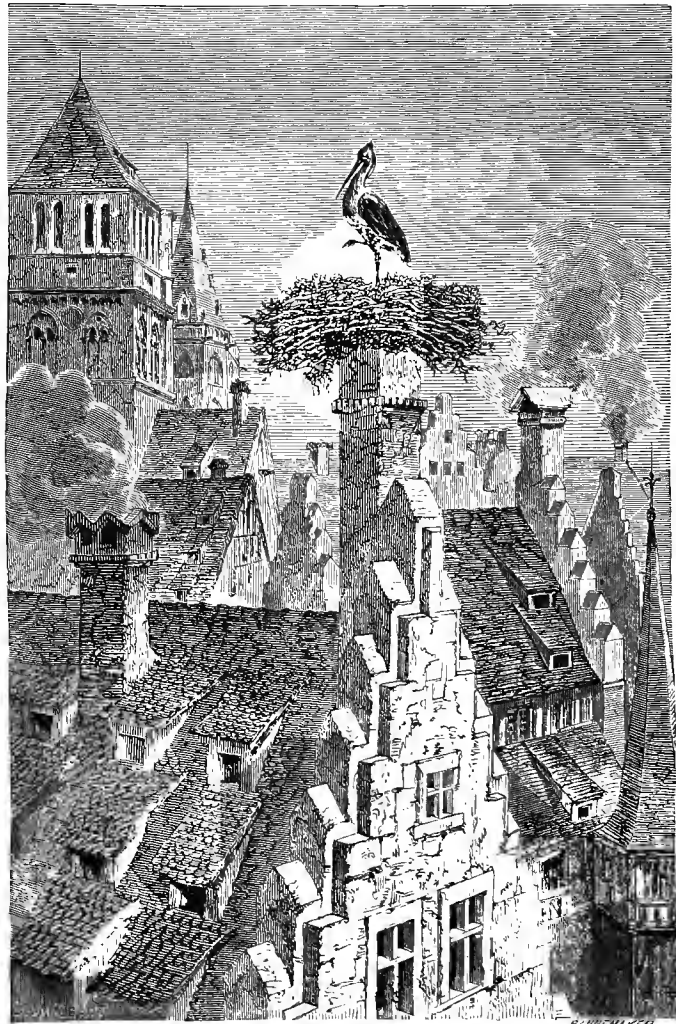


A VILLAGE IN THE BLACK FOREST.



Few wooden houses are still to be seen, but many have the upper stories overhanging the lower, causing them to approach, as they ascend, the houses on the opposite side of the way. Some modern houses are built of the pink stone of the Vosges Mountains. The singular and remarkably high, sloping roofs, having three, four, and more floors, to which they serve as front walls as well as covering, seem constructed on a principle diametrically opposed to the walls that support them, and are as shy and retiring as the lower and more aristocratic portion of the house is forward and intrusive. The motive of this strange style of architecture can only be attributed to the law of compensation, or to a rooted objection to the perpendicular. Some consider these roofs ornamental, and a fine finish to the building. They are certainly picturesque, to which effect the large and numerous chimneys add a great deal. As if the many-storied roofs and monumental chimneys did not suffice to finish off the tops of the buildings, the storks, almost as much an institution of Strasburg as its Münster, put a crowning touch, by building their nests on the highest points and chimneys.

The storks arrive every spring, and depart in the fall with their young, to return again, neither increased nor diminished in numbers. What becomes of the surplus population of storks is a subject for theory. The building of a nest upon a house by a pair of storks is considered as a presage of good fortune to the inmates, and a man would suffer great inconvenience rather than drive away the tutelary fowl. One gentleman, to our own knowledge, gave up the use of one of his rooms during the winter rather than destroy a nest which two storks had built right over the aperture of his chimney, thus preventing his making a fire.



STORK'S NEST IN STRASBURG.



THE NATIONAL GATE.

During the progress of the works on the fortifications recently executed by the Prussians, one of the historical monuments of Strasburg, the National Gate, sometimes called the White Gate, opening on to the road to Muhlhausen, was demolished.

Strasburg is a city of great antiquity, and most probably existed before



the Romans. It assumed the name of *Strateburguen* in the sixth century. On the first partition of the Frankish territory it was included in the kingdom of Austria, and on the second in Lorraine. In the tenth century it belonged to the German emperors, and subsequently became a free city of the empire, which it continued to be till 1681, when it was taken possession of by Louis XIV., and finally annexed to France.

The remarkable events of its recent history are too much to the honor of the noble and unfortunate city not to merit a brief account.

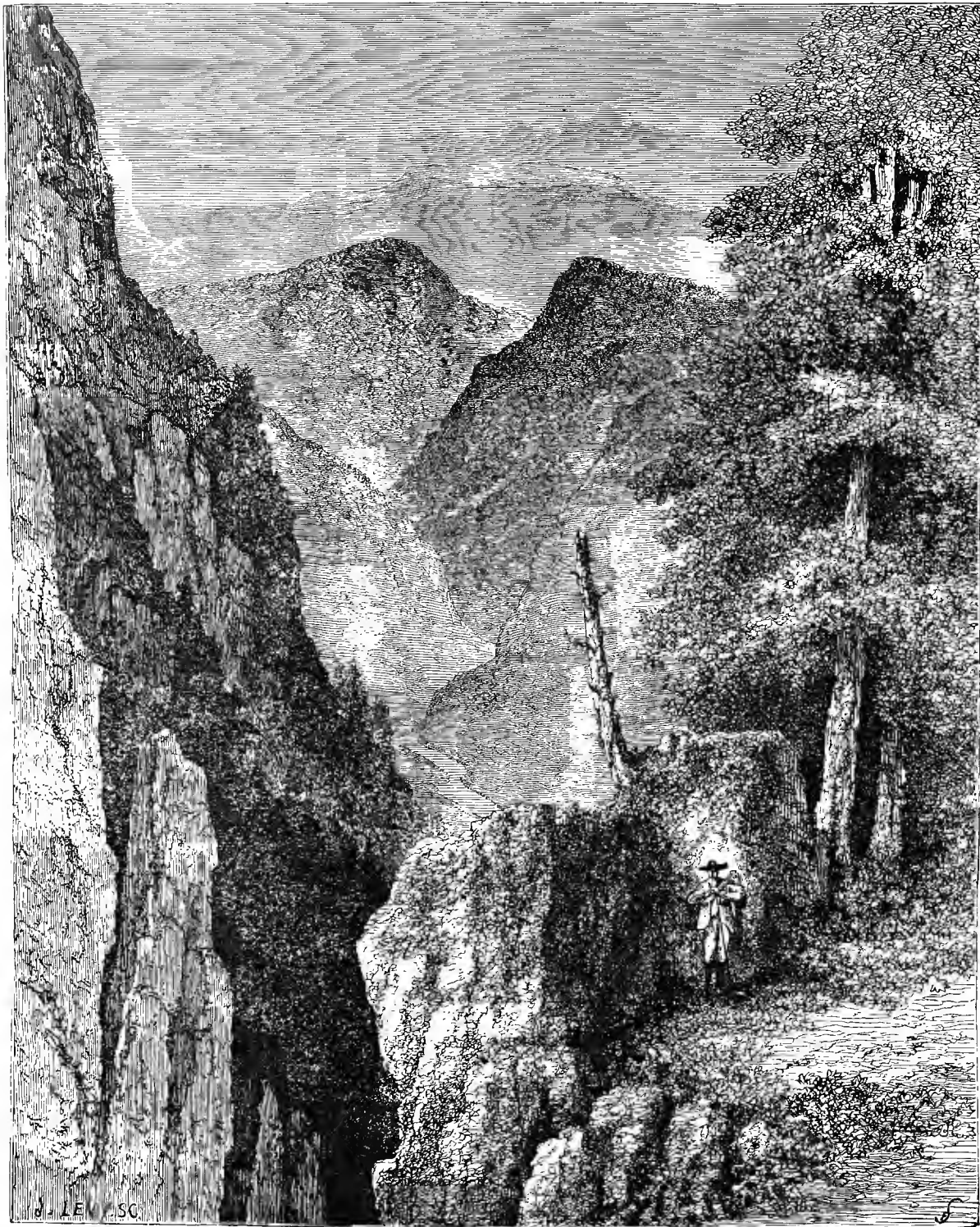
Shortly after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, in August, 1870, and following the disastrous capitulation of the Emperor Napoleon with his army at Sedan, Strasburg was invested by a German force of from sixty to seventy thousand men, under General Werder, who summoned the commandant, the gallant General Uhrich, to surrender, threatening a bombardment in case of refusal. General Uhrich peremptorily refused, although the city was poorly provided for defence, and had but a garrison of seventeen thousand men.

On the 19th of August the bombardment was commenced, and continued without intermission until the 28th of September, when, after a most heroic defence, the French capitulated.

Crossing the Rhine by the bridge of Kehl, we proceeded at once to Achern, a delightfully fresh, clean town in miniature, that at once claimed our sympathy and caused us to regret that all cities are not built in the same style, certainly preferable for taste and comfort to the costly piles of stone which make our large capitals. How silent, how spotlessly clean!

The houses, their fronts covered with vines and their window-sills filled with flowers, were so silent, that they looked like the abodes of folks who had been buried for the last hundred years in the deepest slumber.

After a time we perceived a human figure at the end of the street, slowly advancing towards us, and clad in a black felt hat with a broad brim, long, loose coat of blue stuff lined with unbleached linen, red waistcoat with multitudinous brass buttons, gray pants, and heavy shoes without buckles. His face is good-natured, broad, and large of feature, and his healthy, ruddy complexion shows he indulges largely in milk and but little in alcoholic stimulants. He is an inhabitant of the mountains or the upper valleys, and proves to us that we are within an hour's walk of the Black Forest. Nearly every house in this pretty little town stands in its own garden, which in some cases



VALLEY OF LIERBACH.

is surrounded by railings, in others entirely open. The houses are of the invariable type of the German dwelling-place, and may be described as a framework of timber, the spaces of which are filled in with plaster, brick, or stone, according to the locality. The beams are left uncovered and unpainted, and thus the manner of building is plainly visible. It is, in fact, the style known

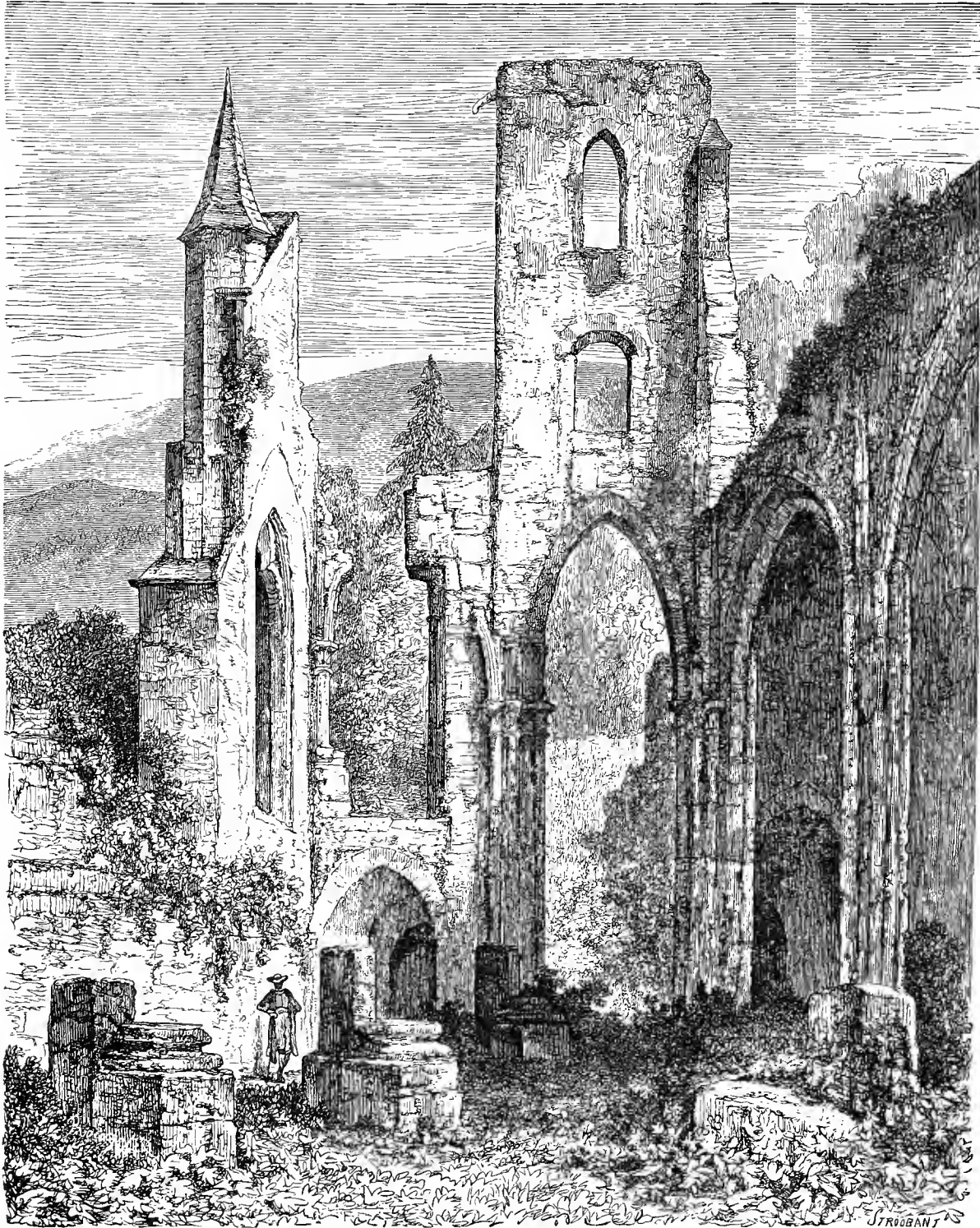
to us as the Elizabethan, and still to be found in many old houses in England as well as in Germany. The geometrical figures formed by the beams in the wall, the high, sloping roofs, the gables towards the street, the old-fashioned windows with the small panes of glass set in lead, all combine to remind us of a painting or a scene on the stage. We own to some disappointment when, on our arrival, a troop of peasants did not emerge from these cottages in very short and full skirts, or very baggy breeches of striking colors, range themselves in a semicircle around us, and break into a chorus indicative of welcome, the happiness of their particular mode of life, or any other song, unintelligible as such choruses generally are.

On one occasion we happened to enter Achern on a market day. We found several hundred peasants drawn up in a line in two ranks, standing and motionless. Each one of them had in his hand or at his feet a basketful of provisions; this one fruits, that vegetables; one ropes of onions, another strings of thrushes. It was an appetizing medley of green peas and partridges, carrots and pears, artichokes and woodcocks. The purchasers, enticed by all this display of edibles, passed between the double row of venders, but no one among them spoke more than another. Monosyllables formed the entire conversation.

Achern is much visited by tourists on their way to the Black Forest from France. Here is to be seen the obelisk erected by France to the memory of the illustrious Turenne, on the spot where he fell, on the eve of another victory.

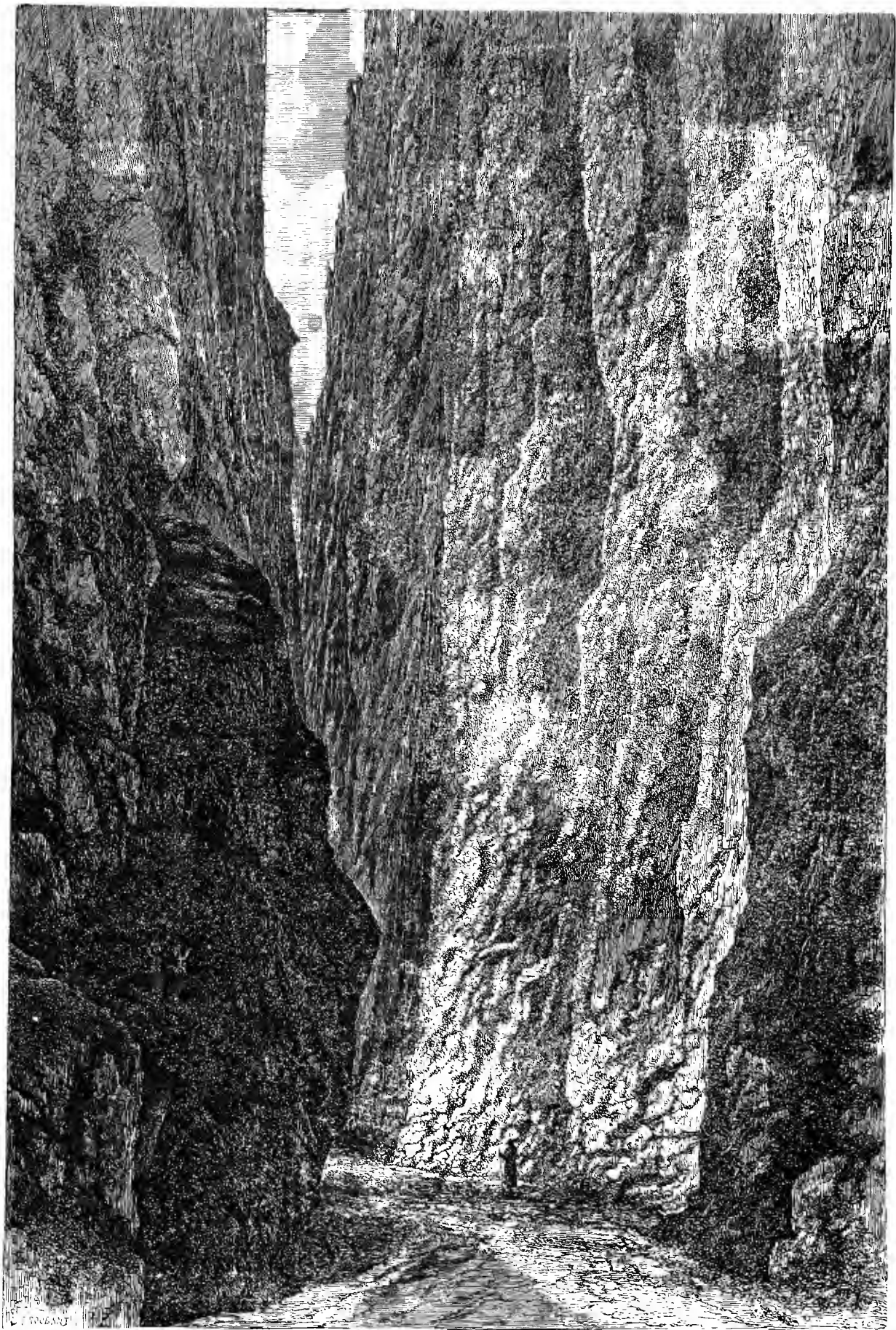
We will here consider for a moment the general aspect and position of the *Schwarzwald*, or Black Forest. It stands in the elbow formed by the Rhine in its course from Schaffhausen to Basle, and from thence to Mannheim, and is bounded by the plain that borders the river. The Neckar bounds it on the north, while on the east it is limited by the upper part of the same river, and by an imaginary line drawn from the source of the Neckar to Schaffhausen. The greatest length of this forest and mountain is forty-five leagues, and its width at the narrowest part is sixteen leagues.

The Black Forest owes its gloomy name to the dark aspect of its peaks and slopes, shadowed by the sombre foliage of majestic pine-trees. Under the brightest sun and at noonday they still retain their depth of shadow; but when the sky is overcast, they get blacker still, and appear of so dense a hue as to justify the epithet, "as dark as Erebus."



RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF ALLERHEILIGEN.

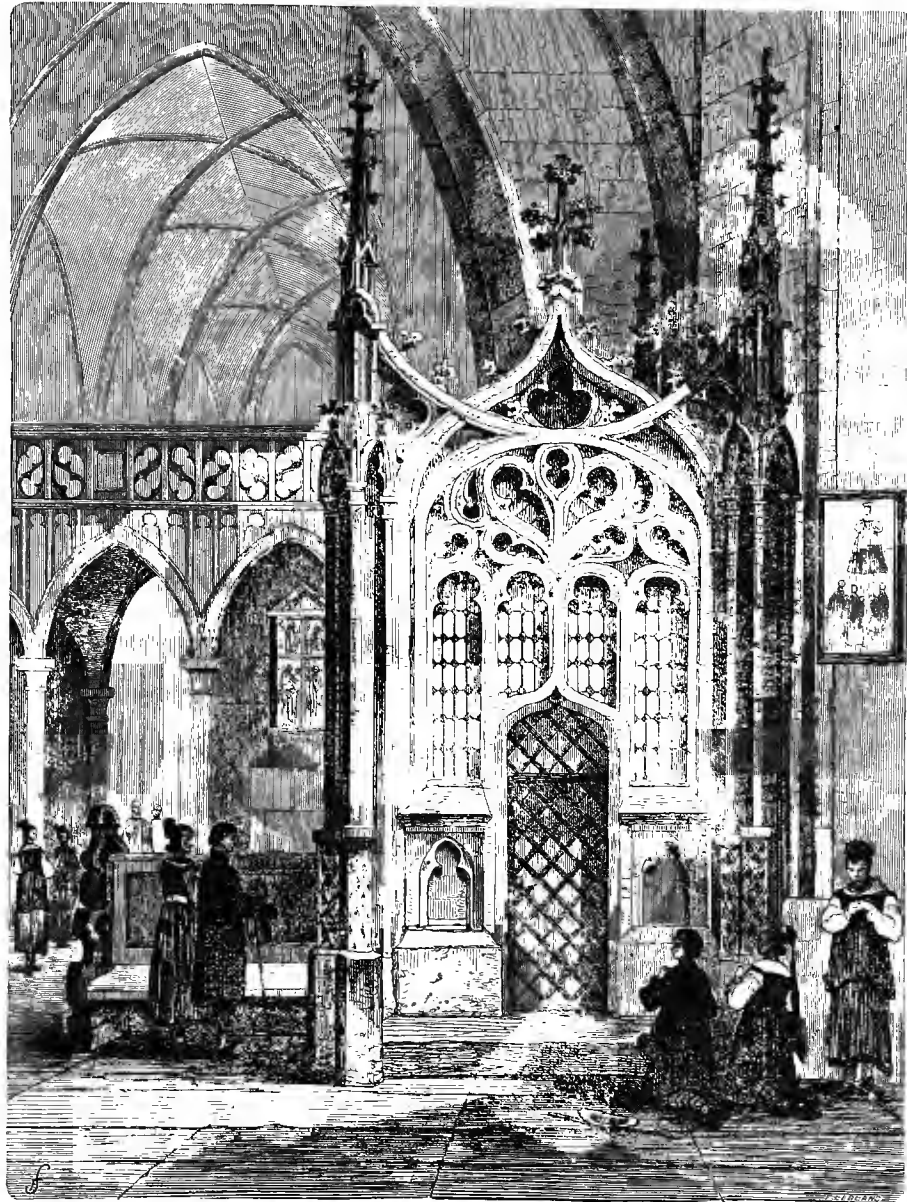
One of the most striking features of the Black Forest is the *Kaiserstuhl*, or Emperor's Throne, an isolated mountain that rises on the banks of the Rhine, just opposite to Freiburg. The highlands are surrounded by a plain which separates them from the adjacent mountain chain, and are, strange to say, of a geological formation distinct from their neighbors.



THE VALLEY OF HELL.



With all its grand and romantic beauty, the Kaiserstuhl is but a dependency of the Black Forest, which domineers over it by its imposing size, and its high valleys where the mountain torrents dash and roar, and also outshines it by the superior grandeur of its landscapes.

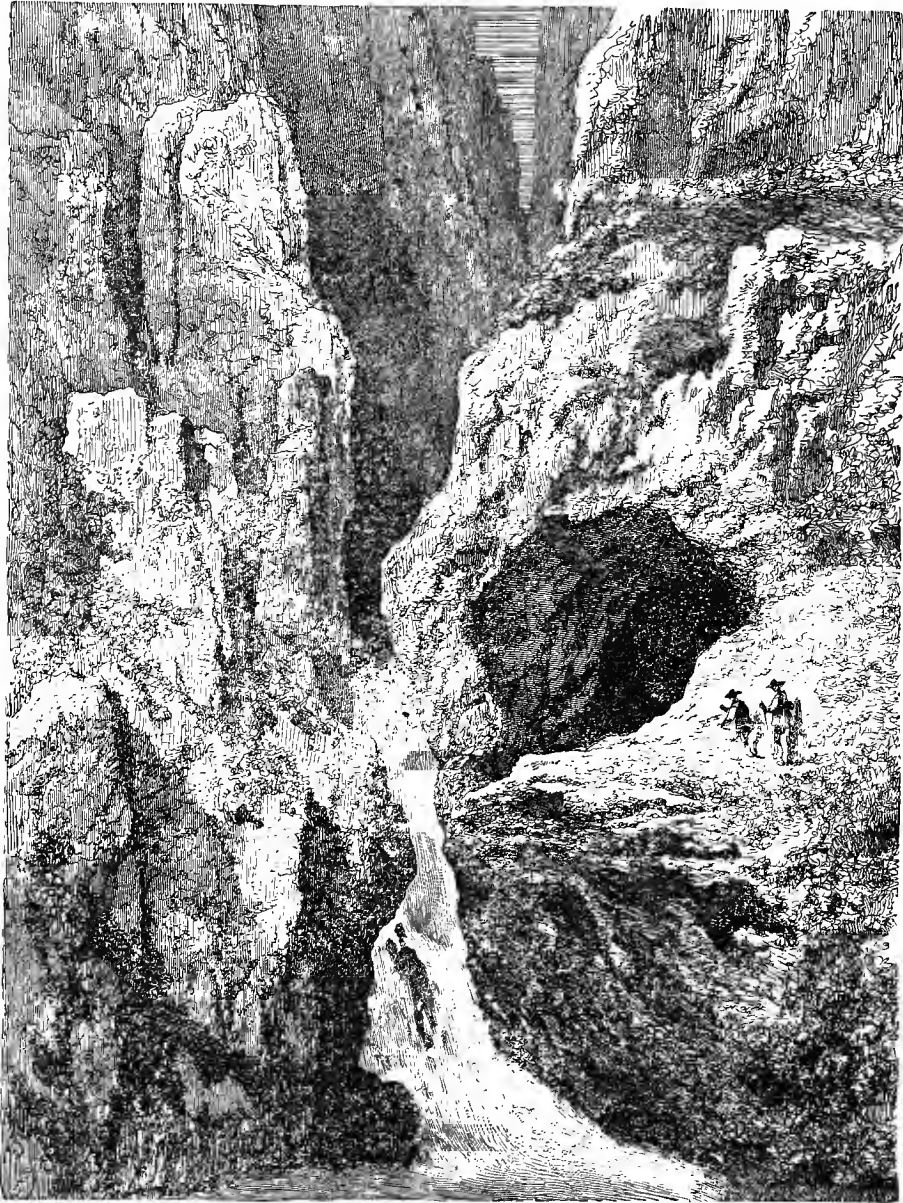


CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

Winter is severe in these elevated spots, and begins early. Snow falls in October, and henceforth communication becomes difficult and often dangerous; but as soon as spring releases the earth from the icy fetters of winter, visitors flock into the three cantons of the Black Forest. The group of the Kniebis is perhaps the most favorite resort, possessing as it does many mineral springs, which, beside attracting a few invalids, furnish an excuse for the world of fashion to meet there. It is to this that Baden-Baden, situated

in a valley formerly wild and barbarous, owes its celebrity, and has become a centre of civilization and luxury.

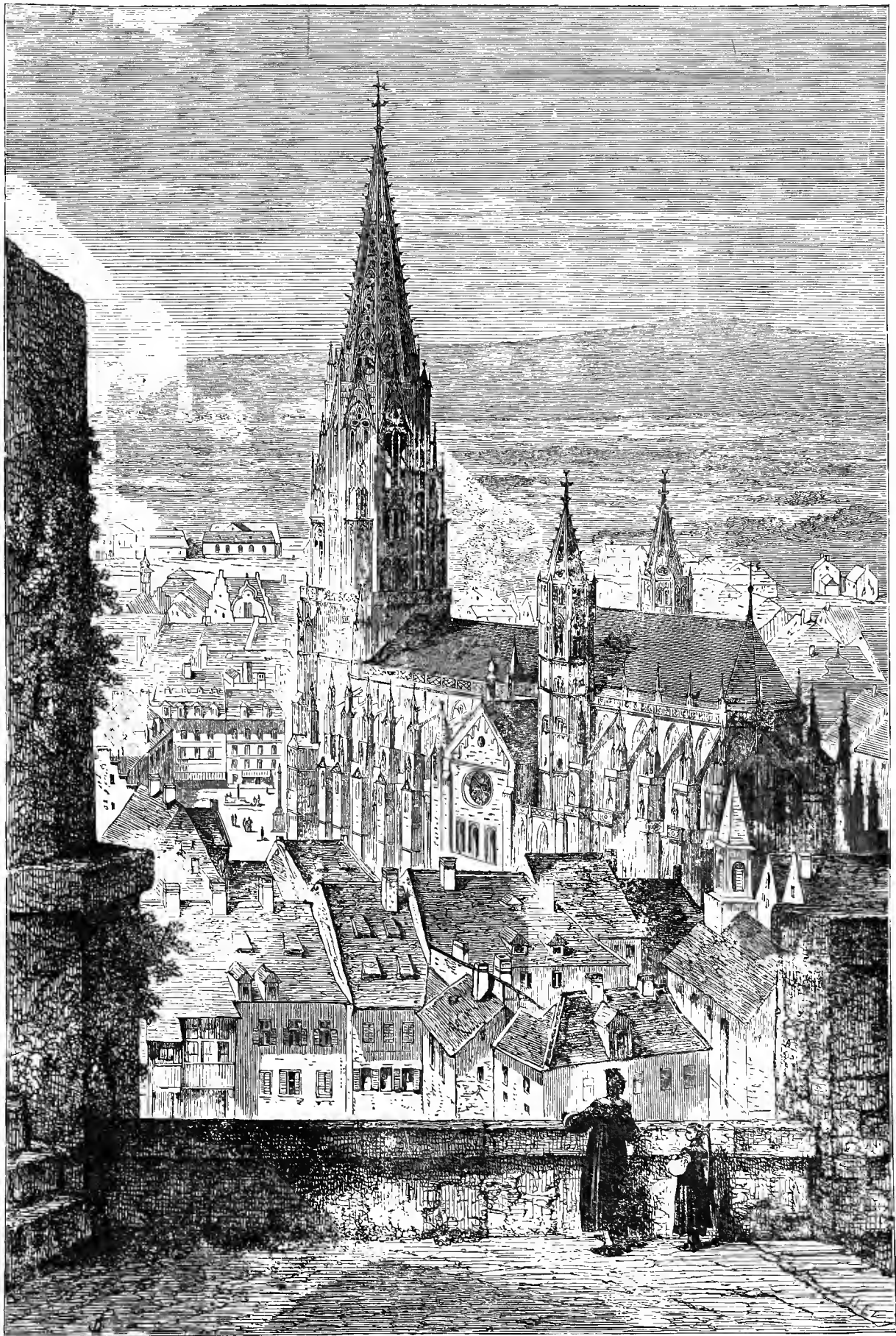
At a little distance from Baden the road skirts the village and railroad station of Oos, crossing the pretty single line of rails that branches off the main track from Freiburg to Heidelberg.



CAVE AND CASCADE OF EDELFRAUENGRABE.

This line looks as though it had been made for the toy of one of those princelings of whom there are not a few in Germany. It looks so pretty, so cool, so quiet, so brightly polished, so well arranged, with its green and trim hedges on either side, its cottages trellised with vines and hops, — serving as shelter for the workmen, — and its gates emblazoned with yellow and red, — *or* and *gules*, as the heralds would say, — that it does exactly





THE CITY AND CATHEDRAL AT FREIBURG.



resemble one of those attractive toys manufactured at Nuremberg. Jokers affirm that of evenings the line is packed up in boxes and taken out again for use in the morning. When it rains, the people about are in great trouble. Rain spoils the appearance of their pet road.

From Achern we proceeded at a leisurely pace to Ottenhoefen, by an omnibus of which the panels were yellow, the curtains yellow, and the postilion was attired in yellow. Ottenhoefen, whose aspect is similar to Achern, and pleased us as much, is a good central point for several delightful excursions. One of these, and the nearest, is to the district of Gottschlaeg, where are the lovely and romantic falls of Edelfrauengrabe. (See page 42.)

Half an hour suffices to reach the bottom of the gorge where we first find these cascades. As the valley suddenly narrows, the waters, that, when we first met them, rippled almost silently over their bed of pebbles, now begin to make themselves heard, and as we ascend, the noise increases, until, in their onward course, the waters bound, dash, roar, and spring madly from ledge to ledge, in a sheet of snow-white foam.

The gorge soon becomes uninhabitable, — a narrow defile, bordered on either side by perpendicular rocks. A path, running now on the right, now on the left of the torrent, according to the disposition of the ground, leads us to the first cascade, a fall of some ten or twelve feet. The water does not fall in one mass, but part of it dashes down an inclined plane, broken here and there by jutting rocks into a sheet of spray. The traveller can enjoy the view of all of the seventeen cascades, while proceeding along the banks of the torrent in safety and comfort. The most celebrated of these cascades is the one which falls in front of a small grotto, which can be entered, and where a stone offers a seat to the tired traveller. A veil of water-drops falls like a curtain over the orifice, and opposite it the torrent beats madly against the impassive rocks in which they have gradually scooped out a bay, increasing the sinuosity of the stream.

After passing the last fall, we enter the valley of Gottschlaeg, one of those high valleys whose wondrous charm and exquisite beauty seem enhanced by the long and arduous journey required to reach them. The delicious, calm, and peaceful aspect combines with the length of the road just gone over to convey the impression of one's being effectually cut off from the ordinary trials and troubles of life, and that one has at length reached that haven of rest frequently so ardently longed for. It is not to be imagined that these high-

lands are deserted or uninhabited deserts. In spite of the extremely wild, savage scenery, of which the engraving of the Valley of Hell (see page 41) gives a better idea than could any words, we find up here scattered cottages, verdant meadows, fields in a high state of culture, and grazing cattle tended by the country lads, whose merry "jodels" awaken the echoes of the neighboring mountains.



MARKET-PLACE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

An excursion full of interest took us from Ottenhoefen to the Ruins of the Abbey of Allerheiligen, or All Saints, beautifully situated on the banks of the Lierbach, a stream which takes its rise on the western slope of the Hornisgrinde, and turns sharply to the southward.

This Abbey, which was indebted for its foundation to the Duchess Uta

von Schauenberg, according to tradition owed its situation to an ass. The duchess determined to found an abbey, but, undecided as to the site, she ordered the necessary funds to be placed on the back of an ass, declaring that where the animal should stop there she would build. The donkey, accordingly, driven from the castle-gates, and followed at a distance by some servants, proceeded over hill and dale till it reached the Sohlberg, where it struck the ground with its fore foot, causing a spring to gush up immediately. After quenching its thirst at this miraculous spring, the ass resumed



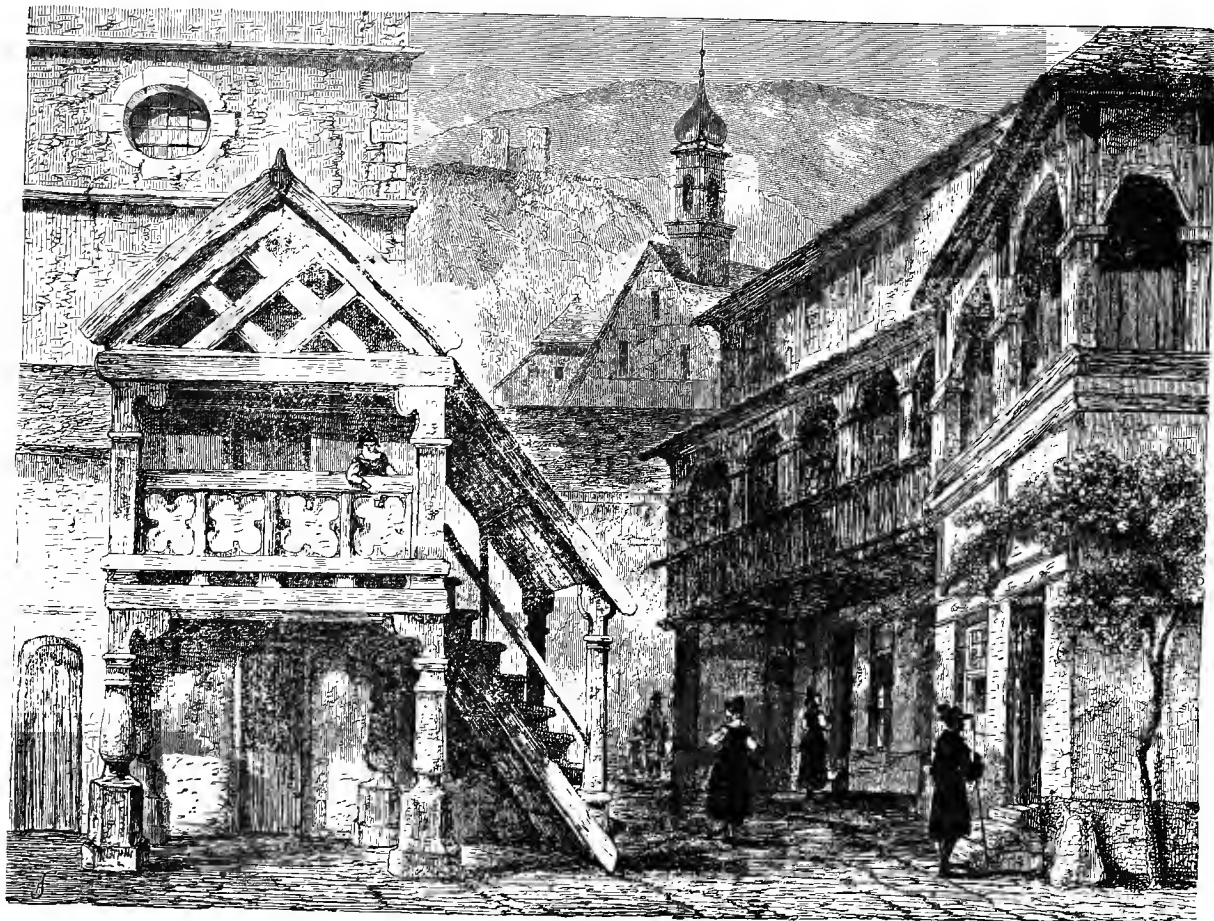
PEASANT'S HOUSE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

its march till it came to a beautiful valley, where it immediately freed itself of its load, and indulged in a roll on the grass. On this spot work was at once begun in the year 1192, and two years after the monastery reared its spires and gables completed.

It could not have been then a very important edifice, as its first inhabitants consisted only of a prior and five monks belonging to the Austin friars. The liberality of the faithful soon increased the resources of the monastery, which was not long in becoming one of the wealthiest in the country. Col-

lecting a good library, and devoting themselves to study, the monks soon established a school which obtained a high reputation. In 1657 the monastery was raised to the rank of an abbey, and was finally suppressed in 1802, when all ecclesiastical property was secularized. The last superior, Wilhelm Fischer, retired to Lautenbach, and died at Oberkirch, his native place, in 1824.

From Lautenbach a journey of about three quarters of an hour along the banks of the Rench, and at the foot of the hills, brought us to the small trading and manufacturing town of Oberkirch, where a large market is held



OBERKIRCH.

every week. In the neighborhood are the ruins of the castle of Schauenberg. The group of mountains towered over by the Feldberg can be entered from all sides. We followed the course of the Wiese, a torrent that pours its waters into the Rhine in the territory of Basle, while it takes its rise in the tops of the highest mountains.

The sun was sinking towards the horizon when we left the city of Basle on our way to Schopfheim, a small town containing many important manufacturing factories, where we passed the night. From there, two days' walking brought



SIDE ENTRANCE TO FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.



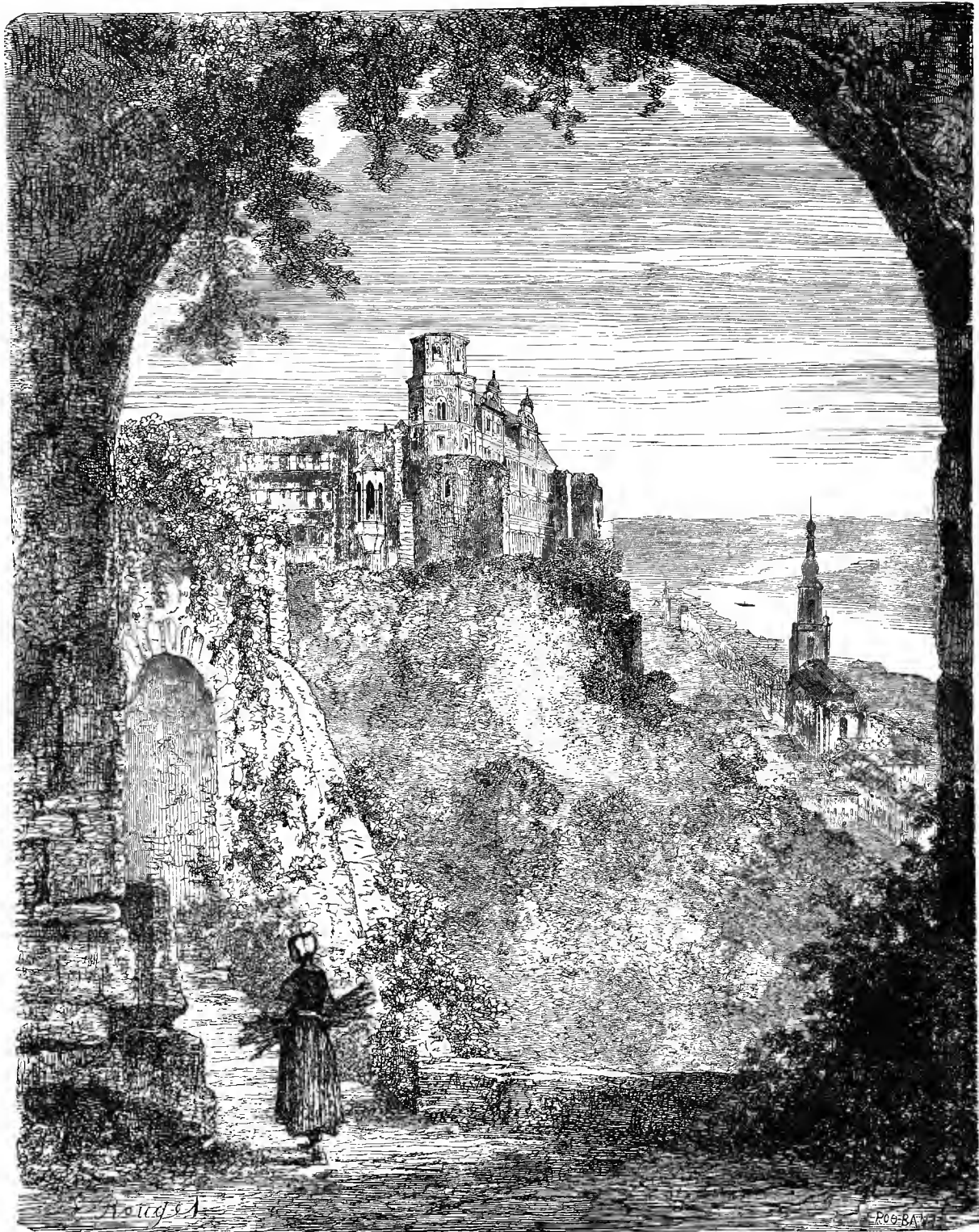




INTERIOR OF A TOWN IN THE SIMONSWALD.

us to the town of Todtenau, the "Field of the Dead," a lively name for an important manufacturing place.

From here we took a guide to ascend the Feldberg, the highest mountain in the Black Forest, forty-six hundred and fifty feet (French measure) above the level of the sea. Starting at six o'clock in the morning, we reached



HEIDELBERG CASTLE VIEWED FROM THE TERRACE.

the summit of the mountain while it was yet enveloped in mist. After a short time this gradually disappeared, rolling back slowly like a curtain, and revealing by degrees the most extended and magnificent panorama. Not only could we see the whole range of the mountains of the Black Forest around us, but beyond that numerous army of giants in their gloomy attire we could



INTERIOR OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

perceive in the distance, like huge white spectres, the snowy summits of the Alps, which we could distinguish from the Gloernisch on the east to Mont Blanc on the west. The panorama before our eyes was sixty leagues in diameter.

Turning now to the north, our eyes were met by another spectacle, which,

although less extensive and marvellous than the preceding, yet filled the mind with awe. Immediately beneath our feet the Valley of Hell opened like a vast abyss. Beyond this profound and gloomy gorge, the Kandel, the Hornberg, the Hünensedel, and other heights too numerous to enumerate, reared their lofty heads.

We descended pretty rapidly, and soon reached the wild glen where lies the Feldsee, a small circular lake of gloomy aspect.

Our road now lay through a majestic forest, wherein, after an hour and a half's walk, we found a rustic inn, affording us the rest and refreshment we considered we had fairly earned. Here our guide left us, the rest of our road offering no difficulties.

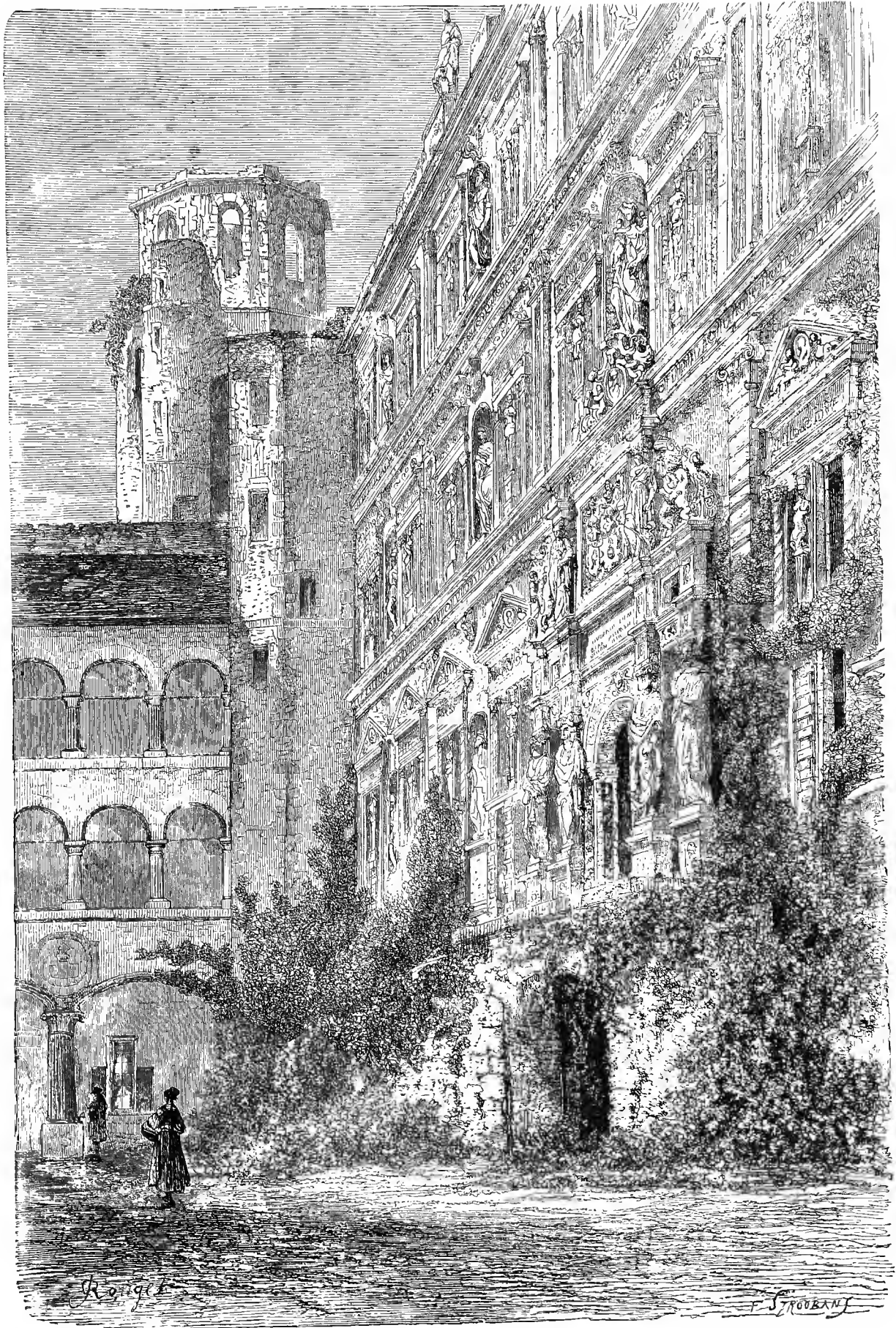
The most frequented of the roads which cross transversely the mountain group of the Feldberg is that which goes through the valley running from Freiburg to Schaffhausen, and which forms a natural highway of commerce. Freiburg was the depot for all goods coming from Switzerland and Italy, while Schaffhausen stored in its warehouses those goods coming from Alsace, the Rhenish Provinces, the Low Countries, and France. Boats coming from Lake Constance had to unload at the wharves of Schaffhausen, as the falls of the Rhine are only two miles off.

Freiburg (see page 43) is supposed to have been founded early in the twelfth century by Berthold III., Duke of Zaeringen, whose brother and successor, Conrad, laid the foundations of the Cathedral. Of the edifice due to his piety, nothing now remains but the Byzantine choir and transept.

The present edifice, completed in 1513, is considered one of the finest and most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany. The Lateral Porch recalls the atrium or antechamber occupied by the catechumens of the early church, during the religious ceremonies at which they were not entitled to be present. It is lavishly adorned with statues in the interior, and presents a splendid example of the art of the period.

The most remarkable portion of the Cathedral is its immense steeple, reaching to the height of three hundred and fifty-six feet above the ground. The tower, which it crowns, forms the western entry. After passing the belfry, in our ascent we come to an octagonal floor, brilliantly lighted by eight enormous windows, and having above it, with no intervening ceiling, a stupendous cone, that seems to extend beyond our range of vision.

The interior of this steeple is entirely hollow, and we stand beneath a



PALACE OF OTHO HENRI AT HEIDELBERG.





CASTLE OF UNNOTH.

diaphanous obelisk one hundred and fifty feet high, with richly carved walls of open work. Perspective lends its illusion to the real extent of this wonderful *chef-d'œuvre* of the builder, which appears to reach beyond the clouds and penetrate the skies.

The interior of the Cathedral is well worthy of its admirable crown; its

magnificent stained-glass windows have been well preserved, and some of them bear the arms and names of Charles V., of his brother Ferdinand, and of Maximilian II. It contains some fine paintings of Baldung, Grün, and of Holbein the younger. The treasury is filled to overflowing with reliquaries, remonstrances, silver and gold statues of saints, and other ecclesiastical jewelry.

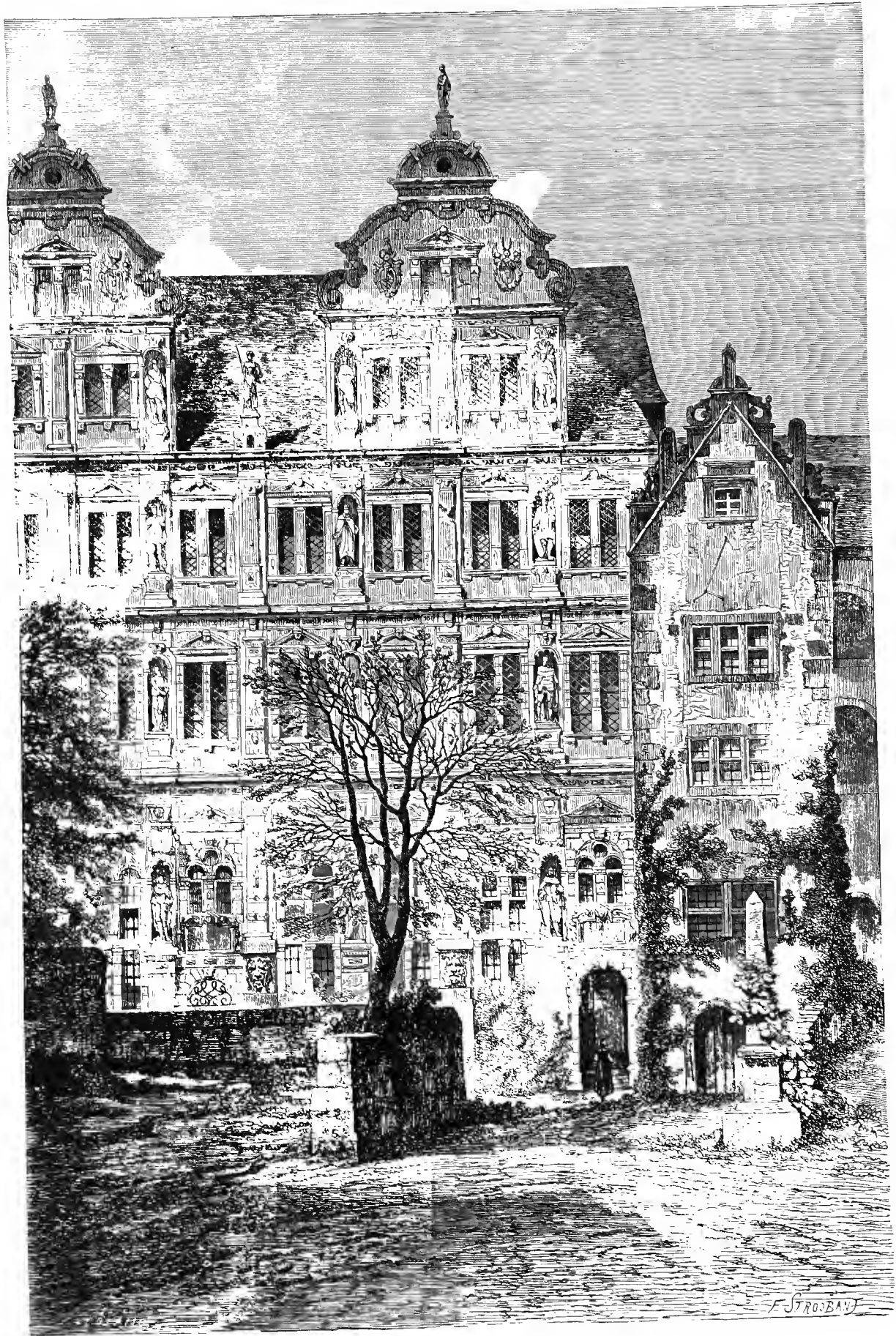
Schaffhausen (see page 46) is situated on the right bank of the Rhine, about two miles above the falls. It owes its origin to the huts and sheds (*Schiffhäusern*) built to store the goods unloaded from the boats that could proceed no farther on account of the rapids. It is distinguished particularly for its antique houses, which are centuries old. Those that surround the market-place are peculiarly interesting and picturesque on account of their turrets, the singular conformation of their roofs, and their projecting bays and chambers. The fountain in the market-place (see page 46), guarded as it were by a warrior with sword and shield, dates from the Renaissance.

The Castle of Munnoth, sometimes called Unnoth, erected in 1564, is a singular specimen of fortification. Its form was proposed by Albrecht Dürer. It is provided with bomb-proof casemates, and the walls of its towers are eighteen feet thick. A walk to the promenade of Fäsistaub enabled us to enjoy a glorious view of the Rhine.

After admiring the ruins of the old abbey and of its guardian fortress, at Waldkirch, we left the valley at Bleibach, and turning to the right, entered another valley that led us through three villages, called Lower, Middle, and Upper Simonswald (see page 51), where we had an opportunity of admiring the costumes of the women. The prevailing tints of these were decidedly loud, scarlet being the favorite for skirts and stockings, and green for the aprons. What most attracted our attention was the head-dresses of the women. Over a close-fitting cap of black or red was worn a straw hat, stained and varnished, and in the form of a very elongated stove-pipe, with the brim pulled down over the ears. The few ladies who did not patronize this elegant coiffure wore red caps profusely ornamented with ribbons of scarlet, blue, or green.

Heilbronn is an old free city, having preserved all its ancient houses and monuments, with their characteristic high-pointed gables, windows with multitudinous and diminutive panes, and upper stories overhanging the lower. A most interesting monument in Heilbronn is the tower of an old fortress of which it was formerly the donjon-keep. It is called the Tower of Goetz, from

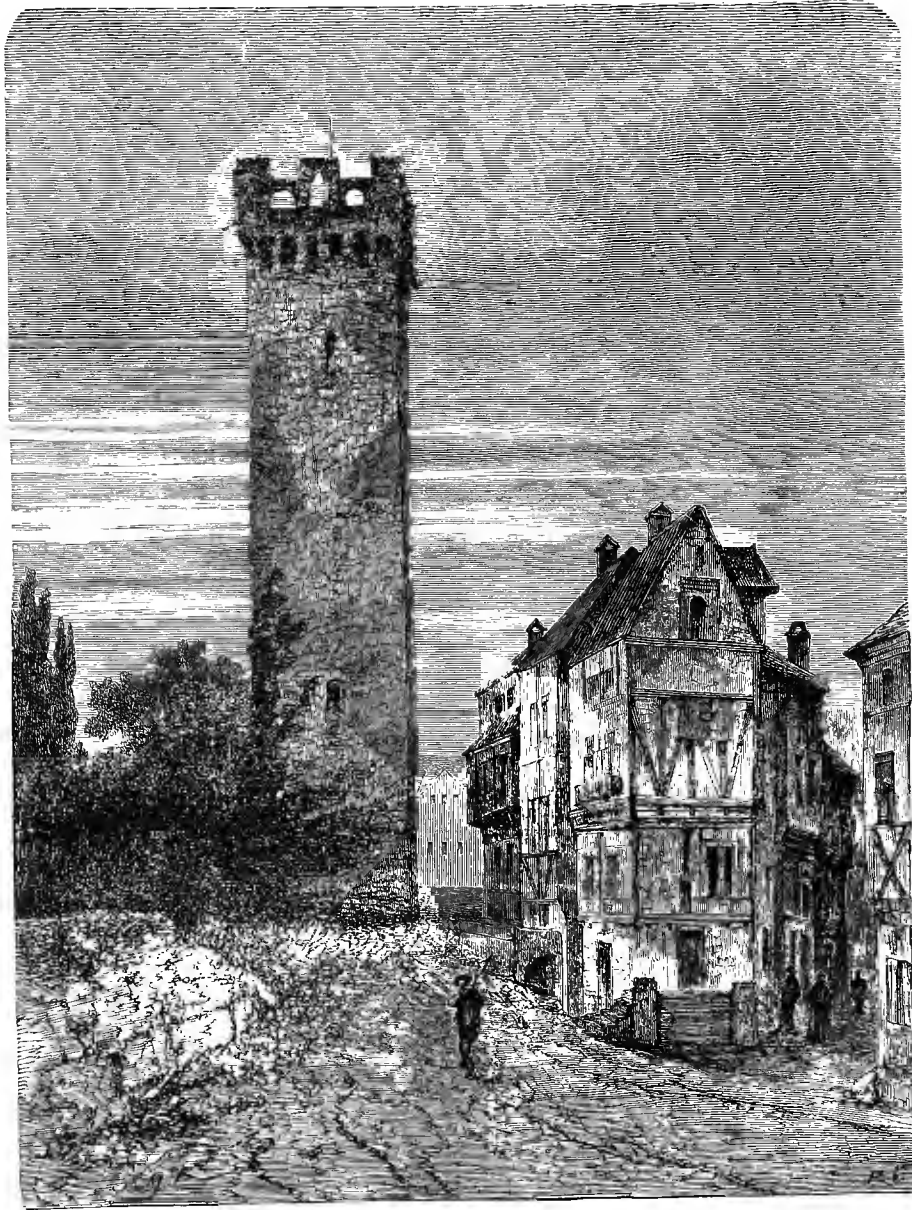




THE PALACE OF FREDERIC IV. AT HEIDELBERG.



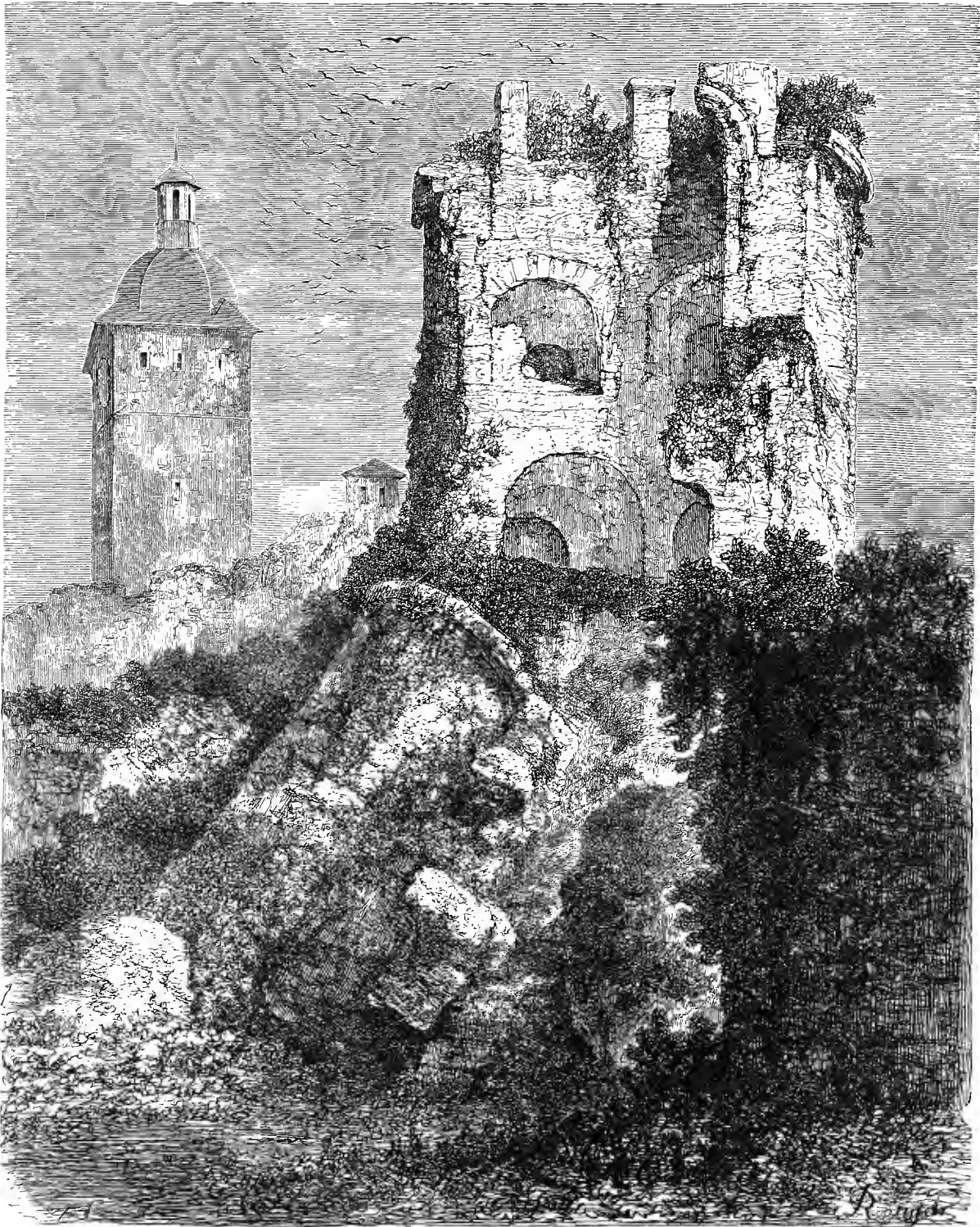
the fact of that celebrated warrior having been confined there for a short time. Goetz von Berlichingen, called "of the iron hand," was elected, much against his will, leader of the peasants who revolted in 1526, and in one of his battles had his left hand cut off by a grape-shot.



TOWER OF GOETZ.

Recovering after a severe sickness from his wound, he got a skilful armorer to make him a hand of steel which enabled him to continue his warrior life. His iron hand is still preserved in the little town of Jaxthausen, near Berlichingen. It was six o'clock, on a lovely morning, that we went on board the steamer which was to take us down the Neckar to Heidelberg, where we arrived at half an hour after noon.

The banks of the river, low where we started, gradually became higher,



RUINS OF A CASTLE AT HEIDELBERG.

and finally presented a panorama, — a gallery of abrupt peaks, on which stand castles in what seemed endless succession. Castles ruined and abandoned, castles restored and inhabited, are on both banks of the river, and have attached to them as many legends and histories as would fill a volume for each. The castles of Neckarsteinach are a good specimen of these feudal towers,



ENTRANCE TO HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

which, having outlived their usefulness, and being gilded over by the romance with which time covers all things, are now beautiful features in a lovely landscape, but must have been a fearful infliction to the inhabitants of the country

that had no castles, when might alone was right, and the central power was little better than mythical.

The great curiosity of the town is its Castle (see page 52), built on a hill on its outskirts, and a ruin, not from the attacks of time, but in consequence of the devastations of the French by order of Louis XIV., who claimed the Palatinate in the name of his sister-in-law, the princess palatine. His marshal, De Duras, laid siege to Heidelberg in 1688, and it capitulated on the 24th of October of that year. The chapel is of the fourteenth century; the round tower, in which was the library, dates from 1555, and the palace of Otho Henri was begun the year following. The palace of Frederic IV. (see page 59) was built between the years 1601 and 1607. The fallen tower (see page 62) was constructed in 1455, and so hard had the cement become in 1689, when M<sup>é</sup>lac blew it up, that, after several attempts, all he could do was to cause it to split right in halves, one portion remaining defiantly erect, the other falling in one solid mass on its side, as it still remains, and bids fair to remain for many centuries to come.

There are two entrances to the castle, one facing the Neckar, the other facing the mountains. Passing through the first of these (see page 52), we reach a terrace, from whence we enjoy a splendid view of the whole city, of the heights which encircle it, and of the vast plain watered by the Rhine. Turning round, we see the elegant front of the palace of Frederic IV., which, although built in the early part of the sixteenth century, would be easily taken for a work of the Renaissance. The windows are mullioned, and between them are niches each of which contains a statue, while the roof is heavily curved in the style of Mansard. The windows of the first story have two arches, with a rose window over them. The interior of the palace (see page 53) is in the same style. The other façade is exactly similar to the one we have described. It has still all its statues, but their dilapidated condition is sad to witness.

The city of Heidelberg itself has been too often sacked and destroyed to offer any monuments worthy of note. Its world-known university, with its beer-drinking and duel-loving students, and its enormous and apparently immortal tun, are sufficient to keep up its reputation in the future, as they have hitherto done in the past, even if the beauty of its site and the unrivalled loveliness of its surroundings should ever fail to attract visitors from all parts of the world.

## THE KAISER'S FEAST.

LOUIS, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire (in the twelfth century), that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother, Matilda, privately invited his children to return to Germany; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the Castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—MISS BENDER'S *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.

The Kaiser feasted in his hall,  
 The red wine mantled high;  
 Banners were trembling on the wall,  
 To the peals of minstrelsy:  
 And many a gleam and sparkle came  
 From the armor hung around,  
 As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,  
 Or the hearth with pine boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord  
 Beneath the harper's hand?  
 And suddenly, from that rich board,  
 Why rose the wassail-band?  
 The strings were hushed,— the knights made way  
 For the queenly mother's tread,  
 As up the hall, in dark array,  
 Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,  
 And still before him stood;  
 Till with strange wonder o'er his face  
 Flushed the proud warrior-blood:  
 And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,  
 "Wherefore this mourning vest?  
 And the clinging children by thy side,  
 In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,  
 And theirs, my son, my son!  
 Look on the features of thy line  
 In each fair little one!  
 Though grief awhile within their eyes  
 Hath tamed the dancing glee,  
 Yet there thine own quick spirit lies,—  
 Thy brother's children see!

## THE HEART OF EUROPE.

“And where is he, thy brother, where?  
 He, in thy home that grew,  
 And smiling, with his sunny hair,  
 Ever to greet thee flew?  
 How would his arms thy neck entwine,  
 His fond lips press thy brow!  
 My son! O, call these orphans thine,—  
 Thou hast no brother now!

“What! from their gentle eyes doth naught  
 Speak of thy childhood's hours,  
 And smite thee with a tender thought  
 Of thy dead father's towers?  
 Kind was thy boyish heart and true,  
 When reared together there,  
 Through the old woods like fawns ye flew,—  
 Where is thy brother—where?

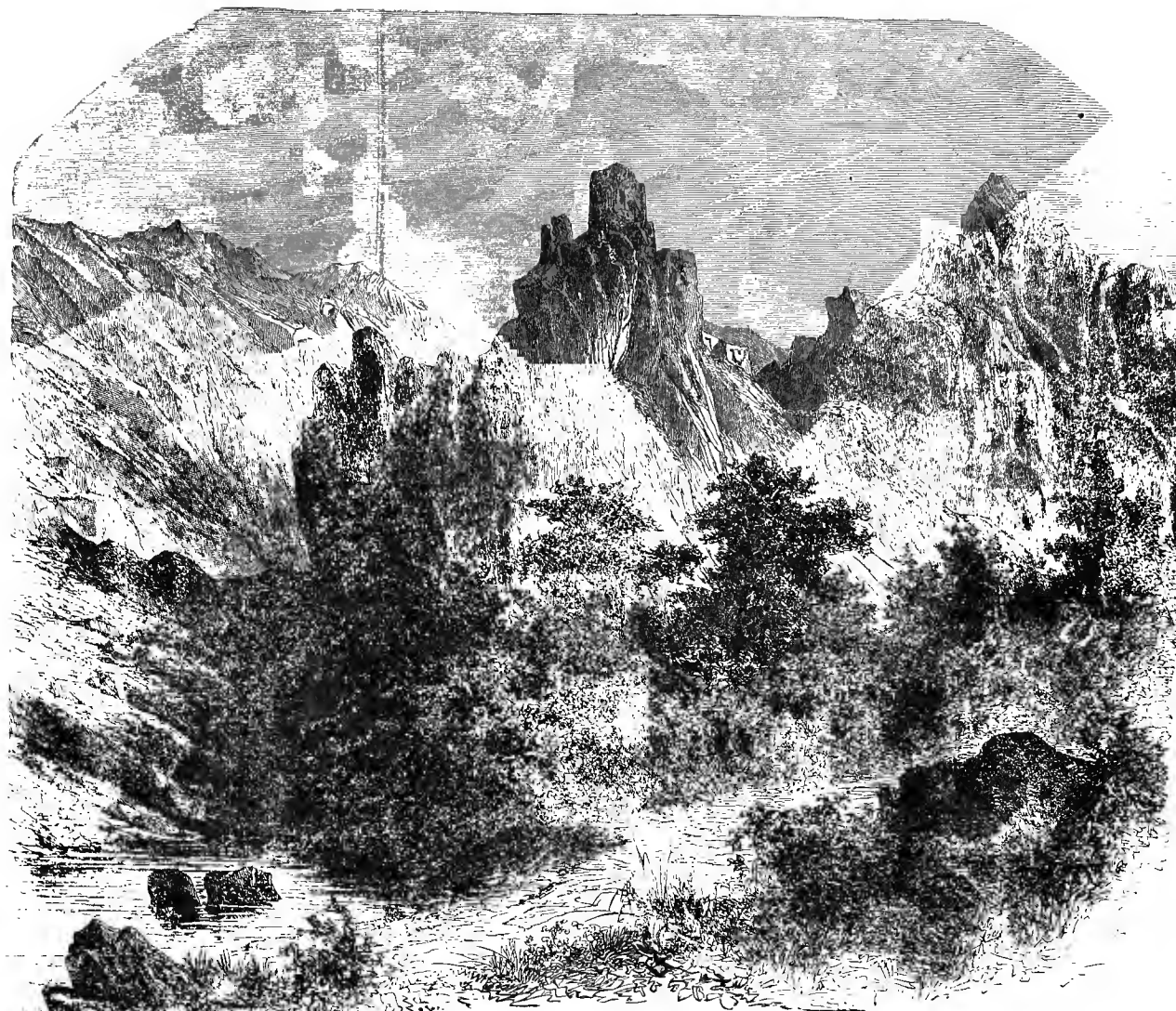
“Well didst thou love him then, and he  
 Still at thy side was seen!  
 How is it that such things can be  
 As though they ne'er had been?  
 Evil was this world's breath, which came  
 Between the good and brave!  
 Now must the tears of grief and shame  
 Be offered to the grave.

“And let them, let them there be poured!  
 Though all unfelt below,  
 Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,  
 Shall soften as they flow.  
 O, death is mighty to make peace;  
 Now bid his work be done!  
 So many an inward strife shall cease,—  
 Take, take these babes, my son!”

His eye was dimmed,—the strong man shook  
 With feelings long suppressed;  
 Up in his arms the boys he took,  
 And strained them to his breast.  
 And a shout from all in the royal hall  
 Burst forth to hail the sight;  
 And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met  
 At the Kaiser's feast that night.

FELICIA HEMANS.





## BAVARIA AND THE TYROL.

### NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,  
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art  
and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that  
round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;  
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and shadows, like a faded tapestry.

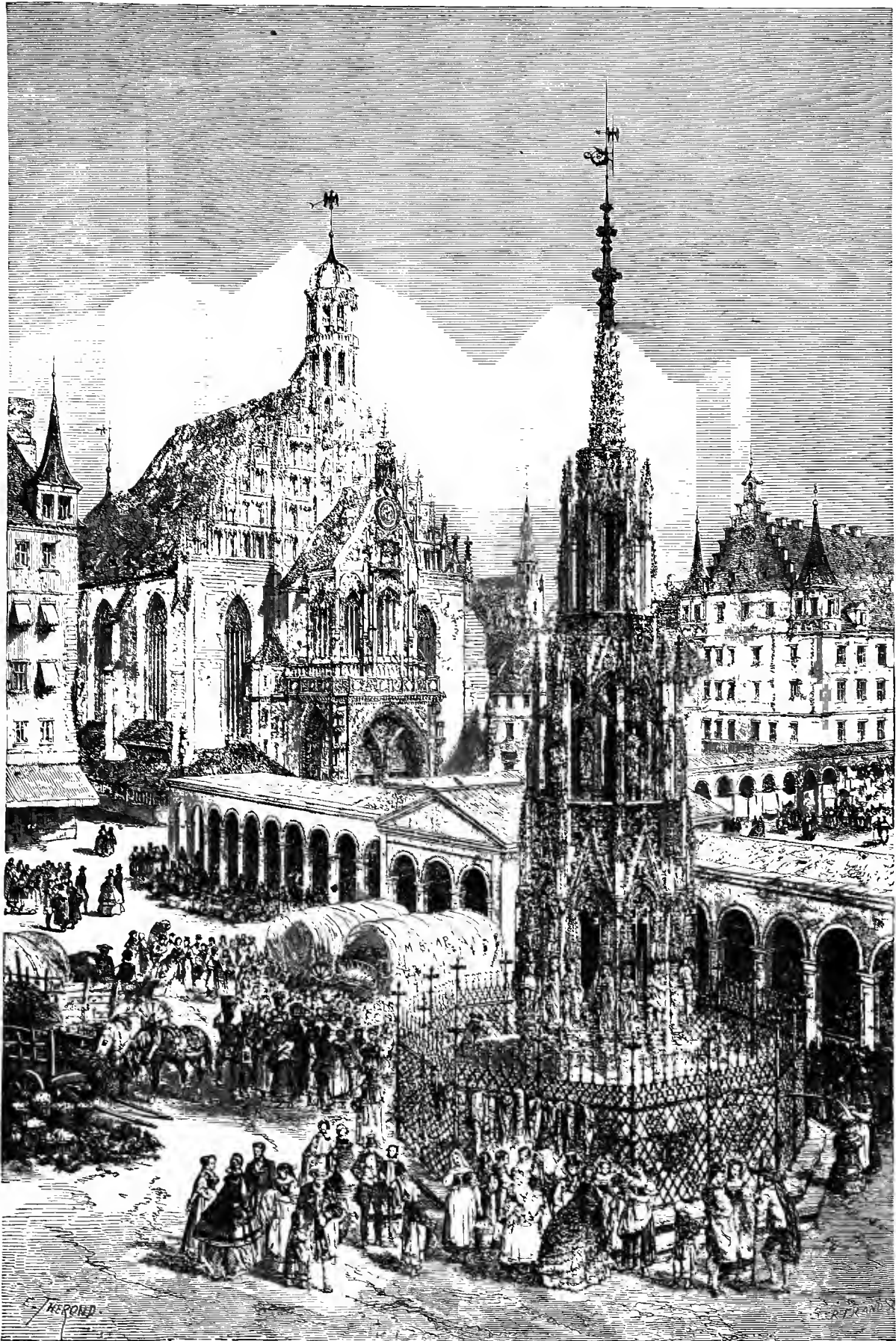
Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WE are now in Nuremberg, a city of the Middle Ages ; filled with works of art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which we already know sufficiently by description and engravings not to be exposed to very great deceptions. We have, moreover, a kind of filial respect for the country of so many illustrious men, artists, travellers, poets, savans, with whom we have always sympathized : two especially we esteem and honor, — Martin Behaim, the celebrated geographer, the inventor of the terrestrial globe of 1491, and Albert Dürer, the glory of the German school, the master and patron of designers on wood.

“ Dear reader,” says Hoffman, “ has thy heart never beaten with mournful emotion when thine eye ranged over a city where the magnificent monuments of German art relate, as with eloquent tongues, the brilliancy, the pious perseverance, and the real grandeur of times past ? Does it not seem to thee then that thou art penetrating into an abandoned abode ? Thou art expecting to see one of the old inhabitants appear, and advance to welcome thee with hospitable cordiality, but in vain : the ever-rapid wheel of time has borne away ancient generations ; the past is no more ; the present life arrests and encompasses thee on all sides.”

Wandering a short distance from our hotel, we find ourselves before St. Sebald, a church which does not impress us by its large proportions. It is, in architectural design, a commingling of the Roman and Gothic. The two towers



MARKET-PLACE NUREMBERG.

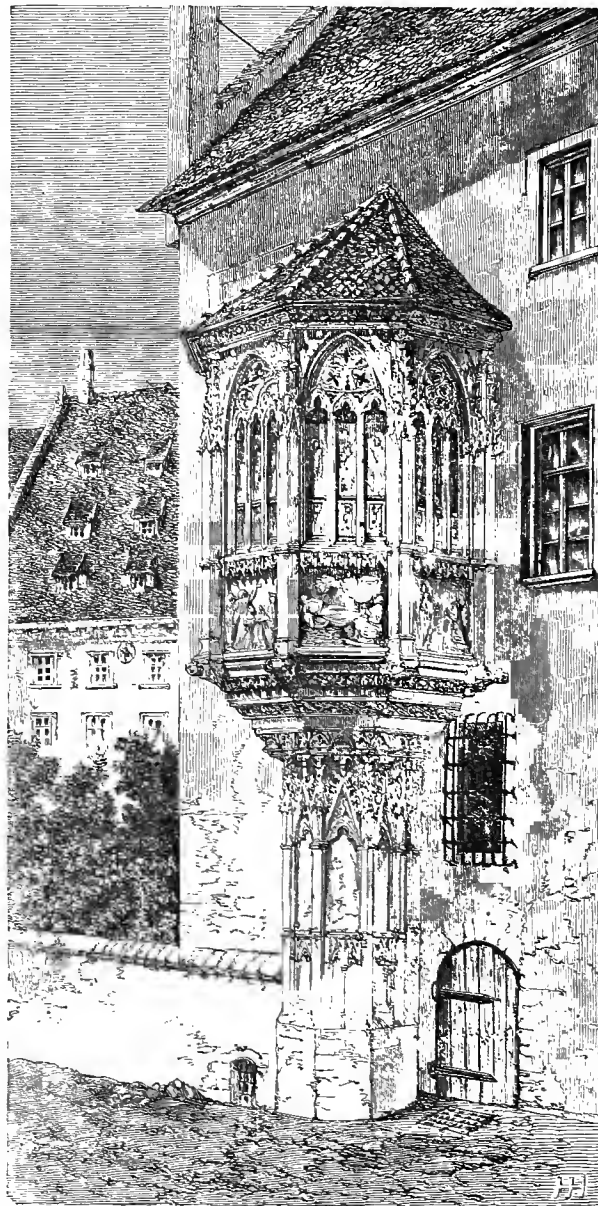


which adorn it are surmounted by steeples which date from the close of the fifteenth century. They are not remarkable for their airiness and grace, and contrast poorly with the far-famed spires of Antwerp and Strasburg.

From the wall of the presbytery of St. Sebald, and extending the height of the first story, is an octagonal projection which appears as if it were a part of the chapel. Resting on a pillar, crowned by a moulded cornice and ornamented with foliage, it forms a beautiful architectural design. Six figures of angels are sculptured at the angles.

In the framework beneath the windows, five bas-reliefs represent events in the life of the Virgin Mary; the space between the top of the windows and the roof is separated by a garland of exquisitely carved foliage, and in the intervening space, between the arch of the windows and the spires, other angels are seen bearing pennons. The whole composition, though somewhat amusing, is truly an exquisite piece of art. It is said to have been executed about the year 1318.

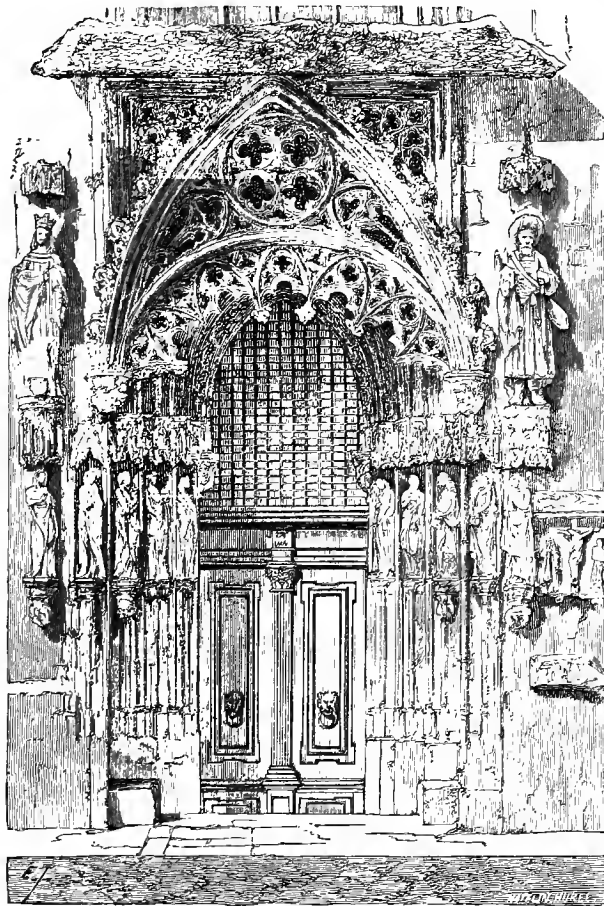
On the northern side of the edifice is the Bride's Door (see page 72), a work which is attributed to the fifteenth century. The beauty of the design of this doorway holds our attention, and delights us with its various carvings. From it fall festoons of richly carved stone-work: one side is adorned with a statue of the Virgin, while on the other appears St. Sebald, bearing in his hand a model of the church. Beneath are ranged at the right the five wise virgins, while on the left their foolish sisters are standing. Neither the wise nor the foolish virgins will bear close inspection, for, unfortunately, they all have the same cast of features; they must all have been made from one model. One woman exactly like another, be she wise or



THE CHOIR OF ST. SEBALD.

foolish, one soon gets tired of admiring; but when it comes to gazing at ten, it is quite monotonous.

Soon we arrive at the great market-place, and stand before the Church of the Virgin of Notre Dame, or the Frauenkirche. This church at once attracts our attention: completed in 1361, it occupies the site of an ancient Jewish synagogue, which was destroyed during the persecutions which that race at one time suffered. The façade of the Frauenkirche is of rich Gothic. It was constructed and adorned by the same architects that erected "the Beautiful Fountain," which is also seen in our engraving; and Charles V. made it

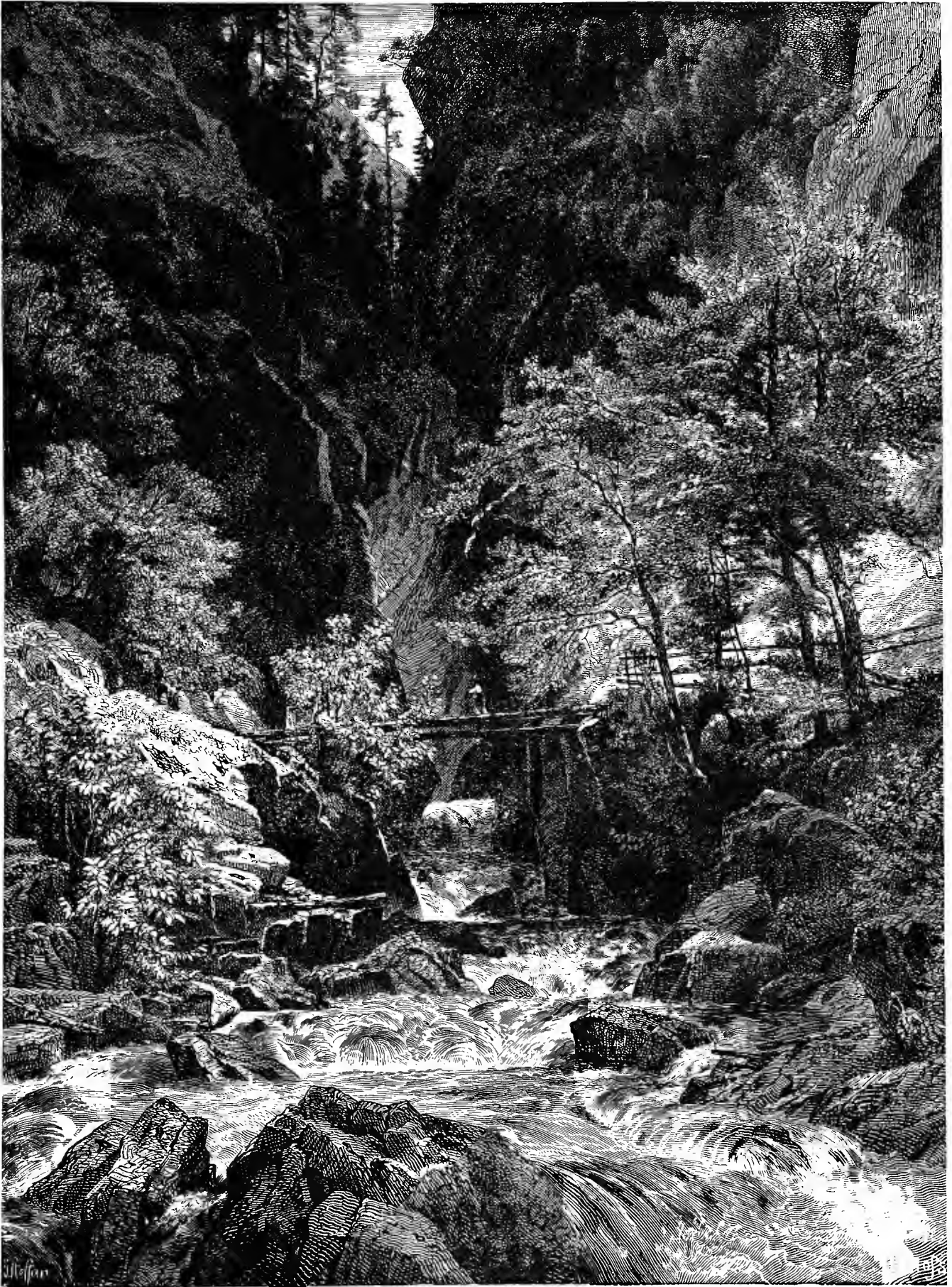


THE BRIDE'S DOOR.

his imperial chapel, and designated it as the "Hall of Our Lady." The porch, covered with elaborate carvings, is surmounted with a pretty chapel, the turret and clock of which were adorned by Krafft. In former days the peasants who came from the country, bringing their produce to the market, used to place their children before this clock, to see the seven electors turn round the Emperor Charles IV.; it was as good as a play, and the little ones enjoyed it hugely; but, little by little, the old mechanism rusted out, and now the wheels are silent, and the clock, and the political epoch it represented, have become things of the past; the electors have wearied of turning, and the people have wearied of seeing them turn.

Crossing the Panierplatz, we stand before the Burg, or Imperial Castle, one of the features of Nuremberg, which gives to the otherwise youthful-looking town the appearance of antiquity. It was founded in the early part of the eleventh century by the Emperor Conrad II., and enlarged and extended through the exertions of Frederic Barbarossa.

We cannot but feel regret on leaving a city which is ornamented so richly with public and private buildings, so rich in its historical associations and art treasures, and so flourishing in its trade and manufactures.

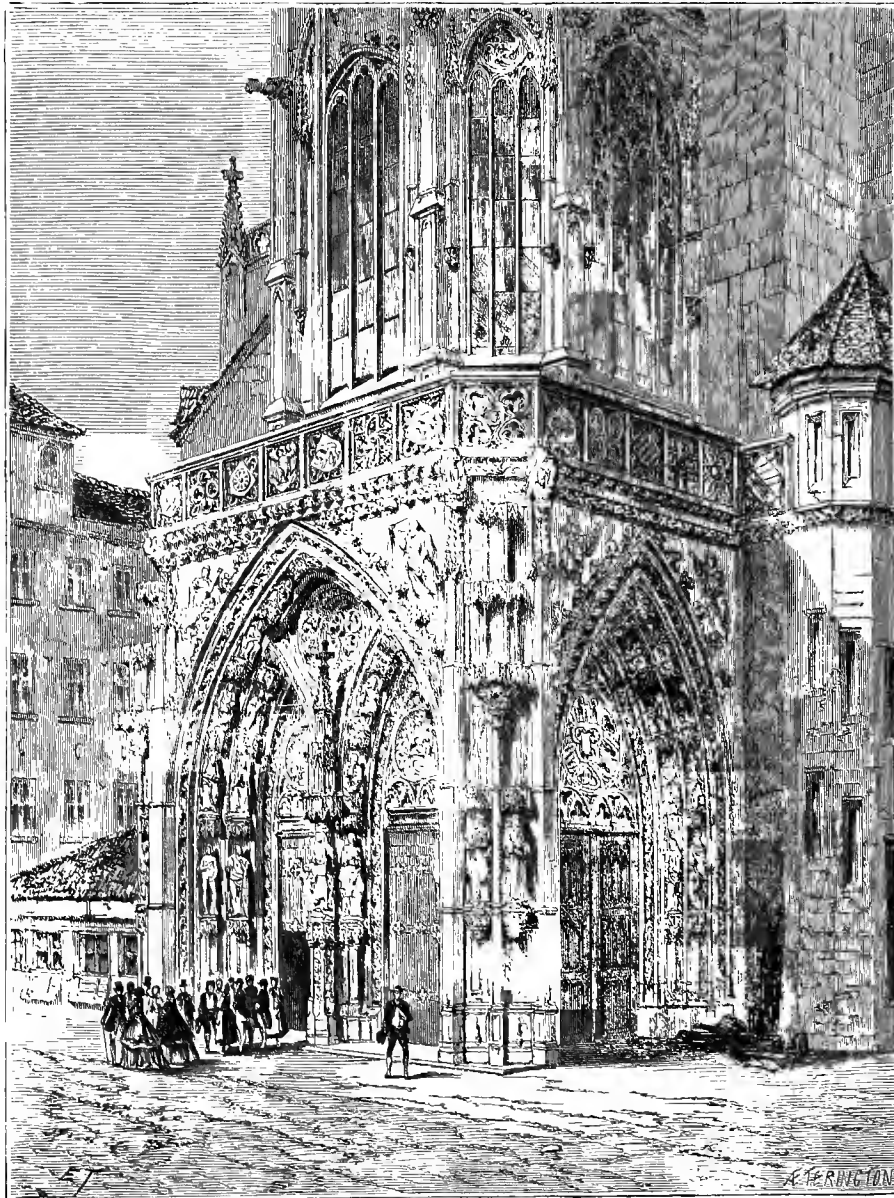


THE WIMBACH RAVINE.





Soon we are at Ratisbon, at an early period a famous commercial city, but Italian rivals were suffered to steal away its trade; and its sole claim to importance remained in the fact that it was the favorite, and finally the permanent place of assembly for the Imperial Diet. Hither came the emperor



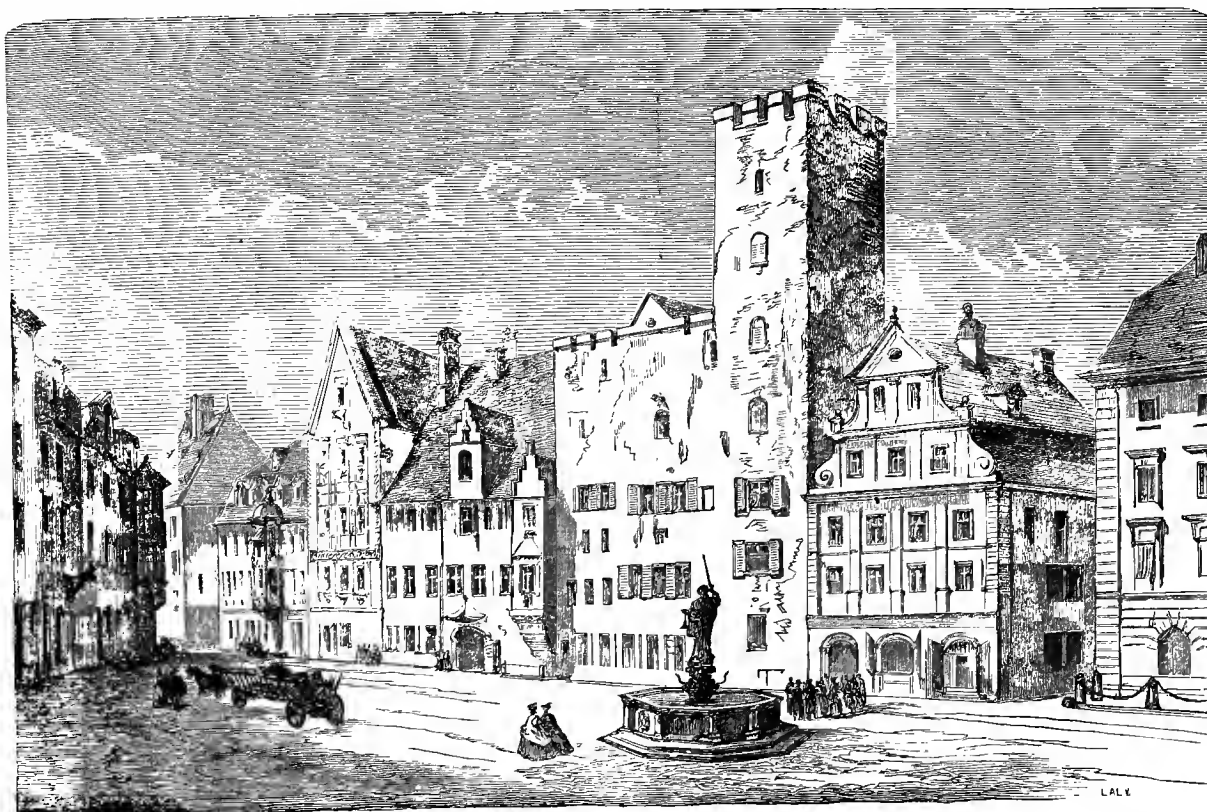
PORCH OF THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN.

with his family and train; the great princes and counts of the empire, each with his retainers; the ambassadors from foreign courts, with novel forms of luxury and display.

Too many travellers pass Ratisbon by as a sombre and decayed old place; and yet, to the lover of history, its very gloom and dilapidation have a singular charm. It is a place haunted by the ghost of that historic anomaly, the old German Empire, which, beginning in the year 800 with Charlemagne,

and claiming to be the lawful successor of the great Roman Empire of the world, comes down through mediæval and modern history, at first a mighty power overmastering even the Pope, at last having lost its hold upon the German countries themselves, till it dies out, of sheer inanition, at the beginning of the present century.

The old town-house is also shown, and the hall where the sessions of the Diet were held; and prison-cells deep underground,—one a box of stone, six feet in length and the same in height and breadth, where one of Wallenstein's free riders was held a captive fifteen weeks, till they led him out to die in the open square. And so, in light and shade, we get a picture of mediæval life, in seeing Ratisbon.



A STREET IN RATISBON.

#### THE TORTURE CHAMBER AT RATISBON.

Down the broad, imperial Danube,  
 As its wandering waters guide,  
 Past the mountains and the meadows,  
 Winding with the stream, we glide.

Ratisbon we leave behind us,  
 Where the spires and gables throng,  
 And the huge cathedral rises,  
 Like a fortress, vast and strong.

Close beside it stands the town-hall,  
 With its massive tower, alone,  
 Brooding o'er the dismal secret,  
 Hidden in its heart of stone.

There, beneath the old foundations,  
 Lay the prisons of the state,  
 Like the last abodes of vengeance,  
 In the fabled realms of Fate.

. . . . .

There the dungeon clasped its victim,  
 And a stupor chained his breath,  
 Till the torture woke his senses,  
 With a sharper touch than death.

. . . . .

And the guide, with grim precision,  
 Tells the dismal tale once more,  
 Tells to living men the tortures  
 Living men have borne before.

As he speaks, the death-cold cavern  
 With a sudden life-gush warms,  
 And, once more, the Torture-Chamber  
 With its murderous tenants swarms.

. . . . .

There the careful leech sits patient,  
 Watching face and hue and breath,  
 Weighing life's fast-ebbing pulses  
 With the heavier chance of death.

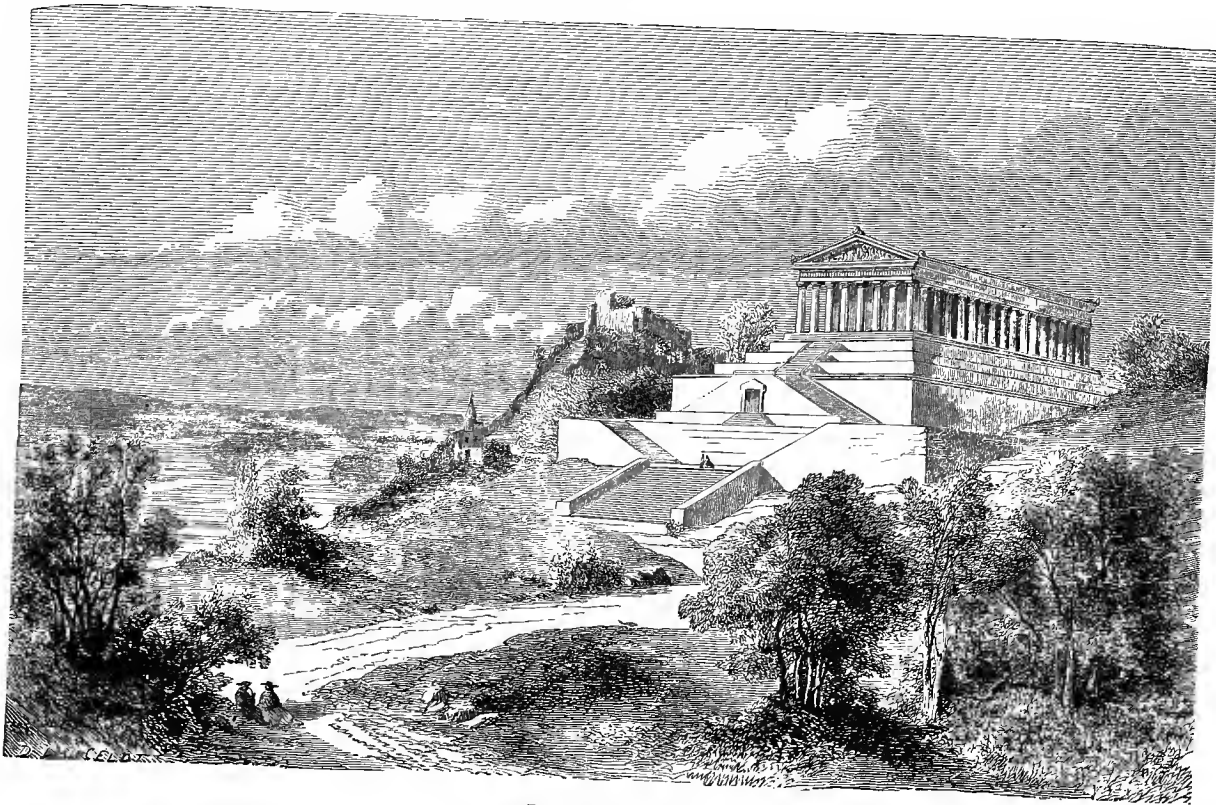
. . . . .

Here, behind the heavy grating,  
 Sits the scribe, with pen and scroll,  
 Waiting till the giant terror  
 Bursts the secrets of the soul;

Till the fearful tale of treason  
 From the shrieking lips is wrung,  
 Or the final, false confession  
 Quivers from the trembling tongue!

. . . . .

Quite a different impression is left on the mind by a visit to King Louis's Walhalla, or German Temple of Fame. Nothing could be more modern and more classic. The temple stands on a hill, two or three miles out of the city, overlooking the country and the Danube for many a mile. The exterior is a close imitation of the Parthenon, and is constructed of gray marble. Within, the building is of the Ionic order, — one superb hall one hundred and eighty feet long, fifty feet broad, and fifty-six feet high. The pavement is a mosaic of exquisitely polished marble; to preserve its perfect polish, we are required to assume felt slippers outside our boots. The walls are lined



THE WALHALLA.

with marble, and the ceiling is very richly gilded and decorated. The illustration so perfectly represents the interior that further description is needless. The busts that are placed in rows along the walls are, as far as possible, likenesses of celebrated Germans whom King Louis deemed worthy of a place in his Temple of Fame.

All about is solitude; not a hamlet, not a single dwelling-house. The temple to the heroes of Germany rises alone on the bank of the German river. It is like a part of the magnificent nature which surrounds it. All Germany passes before it, going up or down the river, and a whole nation salutes, with heart and intellect, this holy place of the common Fatherland.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is situated on the southerly side of an extensive plain. Over the river Isar, which flows by it, in 1158 Henry the Lion constructed a bridge, and erected a custom-house. Used originally as a depot for salt brought from Salzburg, the city has from that time gradually increased in population and in commercial prosperity. The ancient fortifications have been torn down, the ditches filled up, and nearly all that related to the old city has given place to the necessities of the present day.



INTERIOR OF THE WALHALLA.

Munich is traversed by two principal streets, one of which, the Ludwigstrasse, is exceedingly beautiful. As we come to the end of this delightful drive, the road widens into a kind of square adorned with two fountains. We see before us the Siegesthor, or Triumphal Arch. It forms a most impressive entrance to Munich, and is also a fitting termination to one of its most noble thoroughfares. It was erected by Louis I. in honor of the Bavarian army. It is patterned after the Arch of Constantine at Rome, as was the arch in

the Place Carrousel, at Paris, the only difference being that France has horses attached to its chariot, and soldiers between its columns, while Bavaria has its quadriga drawn by lions, and figures of Victory in place of soldiers.

The masonry of the arch is said to surpass in solidity and beauty anything in Europe. It is embellished with medallions and bas-reliefs, executed in the beautiful white marble of Carrara and the Tyrol; these represent the various provinces subject to Bavaria, and various incidents of war, and are all of a classical character. Eight winged Victories, four on either side of the arch, rise grandly above the Corinthian flowers, and, farther on, a field of wild



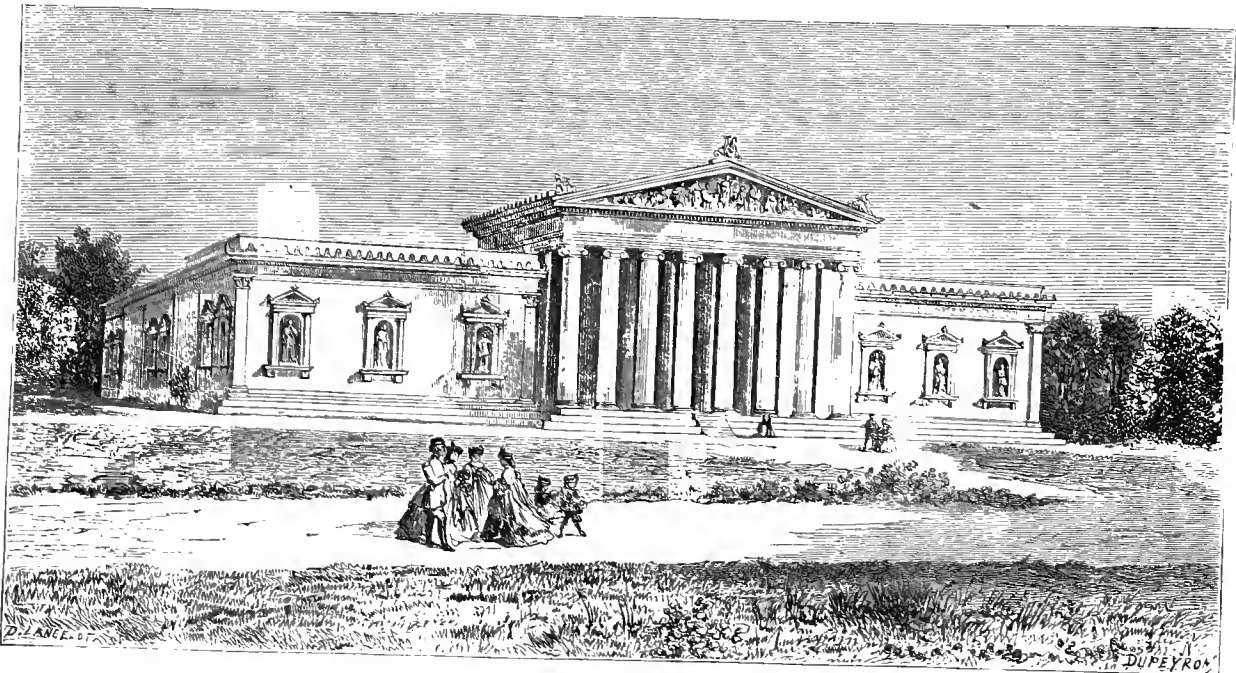
STATUE OF BAVARIA.

oats, in which the buttercups, rearing their little yellow heads in profusion, look like veritable buttons of gold. Behind the Glyptothek the shade of a beautiful grove of trees mingles harmoniously with the architectural lines: tall, graceful elms, and quite a thicket of lilacs, which are among the first to exhale their sweet perfumes on the renewal of spring. The birds sing in the branches of the trees, the radiant sun gilds the white marble of the pediments, but no noise, no form, recalls Germany or modern life; and if the sky is not the enchanting one of the East, this silence, these marbles, these columns, make one dream of art and of Greece.

The Museum of Painting, a square, low building, only one story in

height, without windows as seen from the outside, with a Greek portico of twelve Ionic columns, surmounted by a pediment which resembles all the Greek porticos in the world, is heavy and without character. The Glyptothek, better conceived, is more monumental, without, however, deserving any special praise. The Glyptothek is not rich in works of modern art. If we except one or two marbles of slight importance of Thorwaldsen, and of Canova, there is nothing more of the Renaissance. Everything in this museum has been very judiciously placed in chronological order, but, unfortunately, this arrangement has an unhappy gap of sixteen centuries, from the bust of Marcus Aurelius to that of King Louis.

Roman art is represented by many antiques, none of great value; but of Greek art there are inestimable gems, — an admirable Dying Niobe; a Sleep-



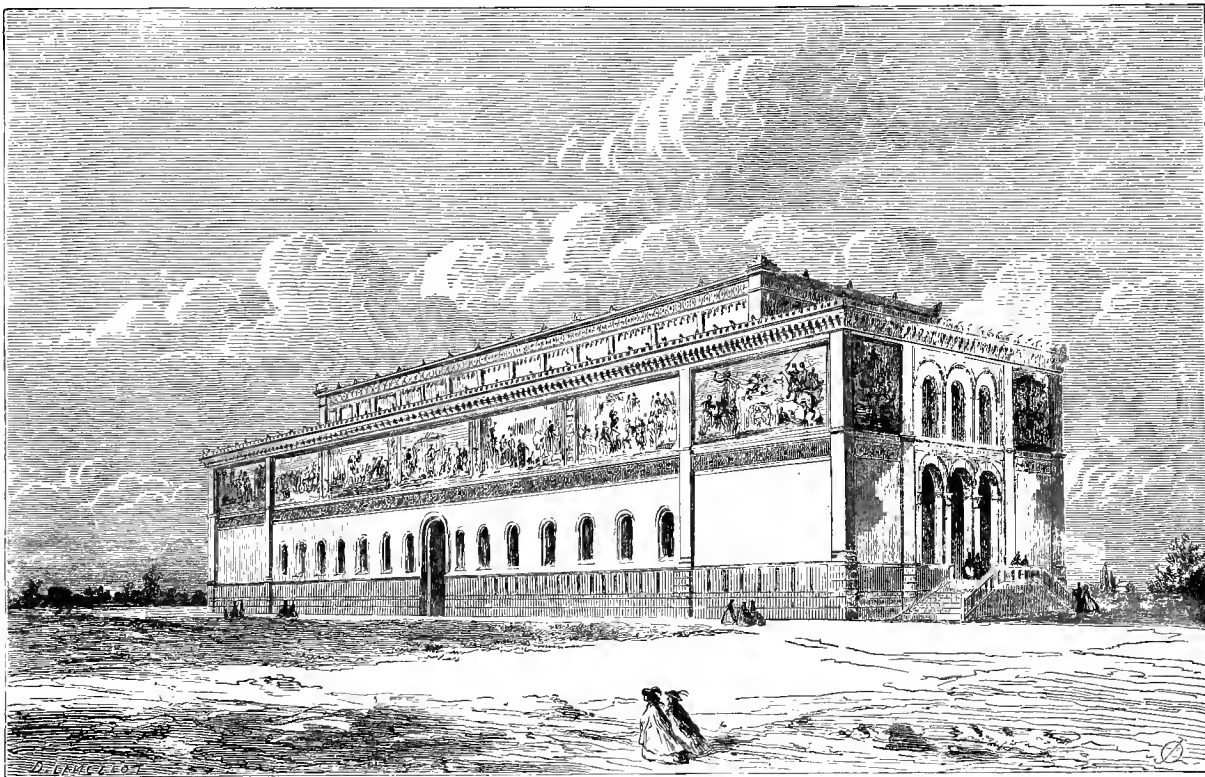
THE GLYPTOTHEK.

ing Faun, which Belisarius, imprisoned in the castle of Saint-Angelo, threw, for want of other projectiles, upon the heads of the Goths, and which was found again, nine centuries later, at the bottom of the ditch; finally, we observe the Ægina marbles, which would make in themselves the fortune of a museum.

For the historian these marbles have an incomparable value. The artist, also, will admire their forms, already so much copied; but all the reasonings of transcendent æsthetics will not prevent a feeling of repulsion at the sight of heads on which is sculptured, even on those of the dying, the same imbecile

laugh. These marbles always create an interest in the mind of the archæologist; this is why they have so great a success in Germany. The reasons which are given to make us accept these grimacing figures as true art gems, are the same which are pleaded for admiring the stiffness of the Egyptian statues, and the rude, unfashioned sculpture of the Middle Ages.

The Pinacothek is one of the most valuable galleries of the world; it contains five hundred and ninety-two large paintings, and six hundred and eighty-nine smaller ones. The Belvedere of Vienna has more, but many have been placed there to swell the number. Dresden alone, in all Germany, can compete with Munich in its treasures of art and beauty, and, with its Raphaels, rival it.



THE PINACOTHEK.

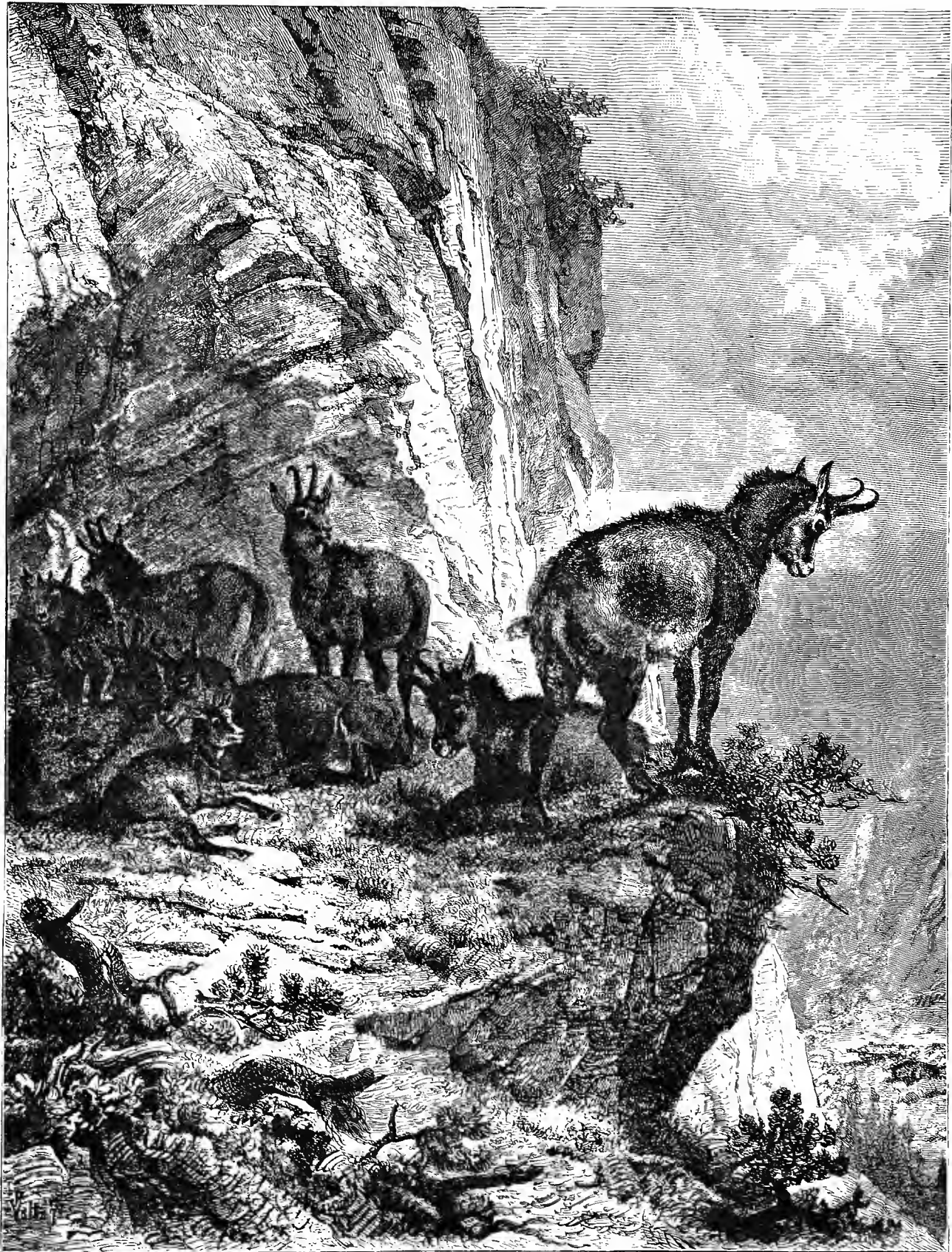
Let us go to Wilbad Kreuth, a Bavarian town, which will serve as a fair sample of the towns among the Bavarian mountains. It is summer time, and the fashionable denizens of Munich, the wealthy inhabitants of North Germany, and even the people who live in frigid Russia, have congregated here to enjoy the salubrity of the climate and the charm of the scenery. Here, in the hot days of July and August, the lovers of fashion and the seekers of health congregate, and pass their time in the various amusements which watering-places usually present. In the picture which we have, it is seen on our right,





THE GOATHERD'S HUT.



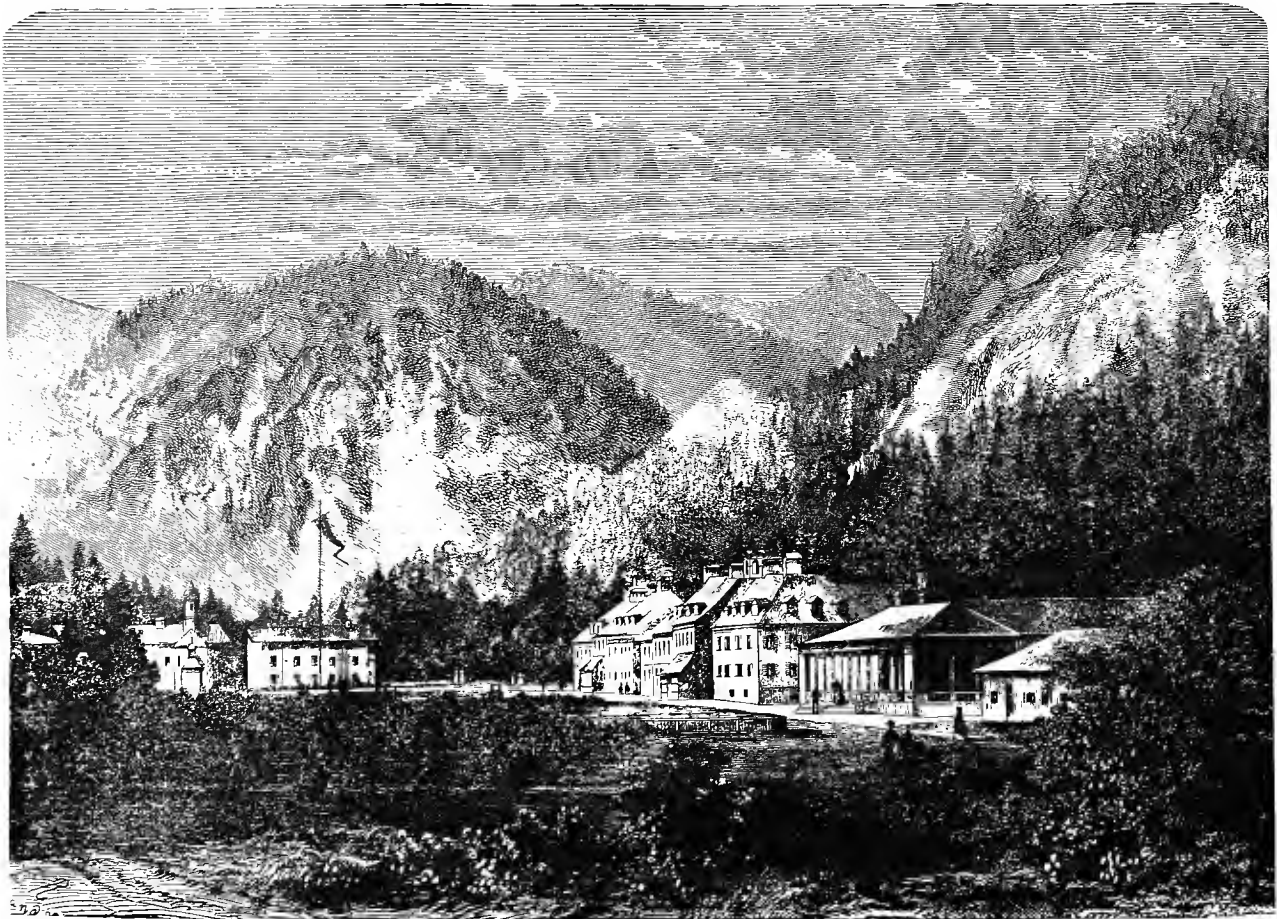


CHAMOIS.

while on the left a broad, green plateau, with beautifully laid out gardens, extends, furnishing a cool and pleasant shade, while on all sides this beautiful valley is surrounded by mountains covered with dark foliage.

Early in the sixteenth, possibly in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the place where the modern town or village now stands was owned by the Abbey of Terganese, and the invalid monks of the brotherhood came from distant monasteries to recruit their health ; they drank in the invigorating air from the mountains, and read their missals under the shade of the trees in the valley.

The fame of the place spread far and wide, and the Emperor Maximilian dearly loved to retire from the cares and anxieties of official life. The quiet



WILBAD KREUTH.

little town became a miniature court, and the gay uniforms of the officers of the imperial guard, and the satins of courtly and high-bred ladies, made a scene at once attractive and pleasing ; in fact, in the Emperor's day, the wit and the wisdom, the beauty and the bravery, of the German Empire, congregated at Wilbad Kreuth.

Let us ascend one of the peaks of these Bavarian mountains ; the view will well repay us. Below us rise innumerable peaks, some of them covered with a growth of dark green, others glittering, as the sun shines upon the

snow-capped peaks. Before us we see a hut which the goatherd has erected as a shelter for his goats, selecting a place where large rocks have fallen from the crags above: the goatherd places trunks of trees across the top; over this rudely constructed roof he places boughs of green, and thus protects his herd from the rain or snow. It is wonderful how quickly these animals are able to foretell the approach of a storm; it is a trait peculiar to them. When the sky to all human observation is perfectly serene, the goats begin to congregate near the hut of the goatherd, and they stand near the entrance, ready to enter before the storm actually breaks; as soon as the sky clears up, the goat is out again, and at his favorite amusement of climbing almost inaccessible rocks,—a habit which follows him even in domestication, for it is noticeable that invariably he is found perched on the top of some roof or rock.

Let us ascend higher up the mountain, and we may perchance get a view of a herd of chamois. We shall have to ascend very high, for the chamois loves to climb to heights almost inaccessible to man, and they who would seek him, either for pleasure or profit, must be willing to undergo not only hardship but actual peril. They are very agile, and will ascend and descend with great rapidity the most difficult places. Make a loud noise to attract their attention, and the whole herd will stand transfixed, and gaze fixedly in the direction from whence the sound comes. While the herd are feeding, one usually acts as sentinel, and, upon the slightest fear of danger, communicates by a mysterious language the alarm to the rest, and all scamper away as fast as they can. They increase very rapidly, and a small quantity of food supplies their daily wants. If captured, as they often are, when young, they are capable of domestication, and many of the hotels in the Bavarian Alps have tame chamois, who soon make friends with the children. There was a time, nearly a hundred years ago, when these little animals were under royal protection; but, nevertheless, the electors of Bavaria were fond of the sport of hunting them, and many of them have fallen by the hand of some royal amateur huntsman, in the mountains around Tegernsee.

We have seen the herds of chamois, listened to the tinkling of the bells of the distant herds of goats, scented the fragrant breath of the pine forests, and at intervals the solemn chime of the valley church bells has come to our ears. Let us descend to the valley, and see the lakes that lie deep in the heart of the mountains. The one before us is surrounded by high rocky

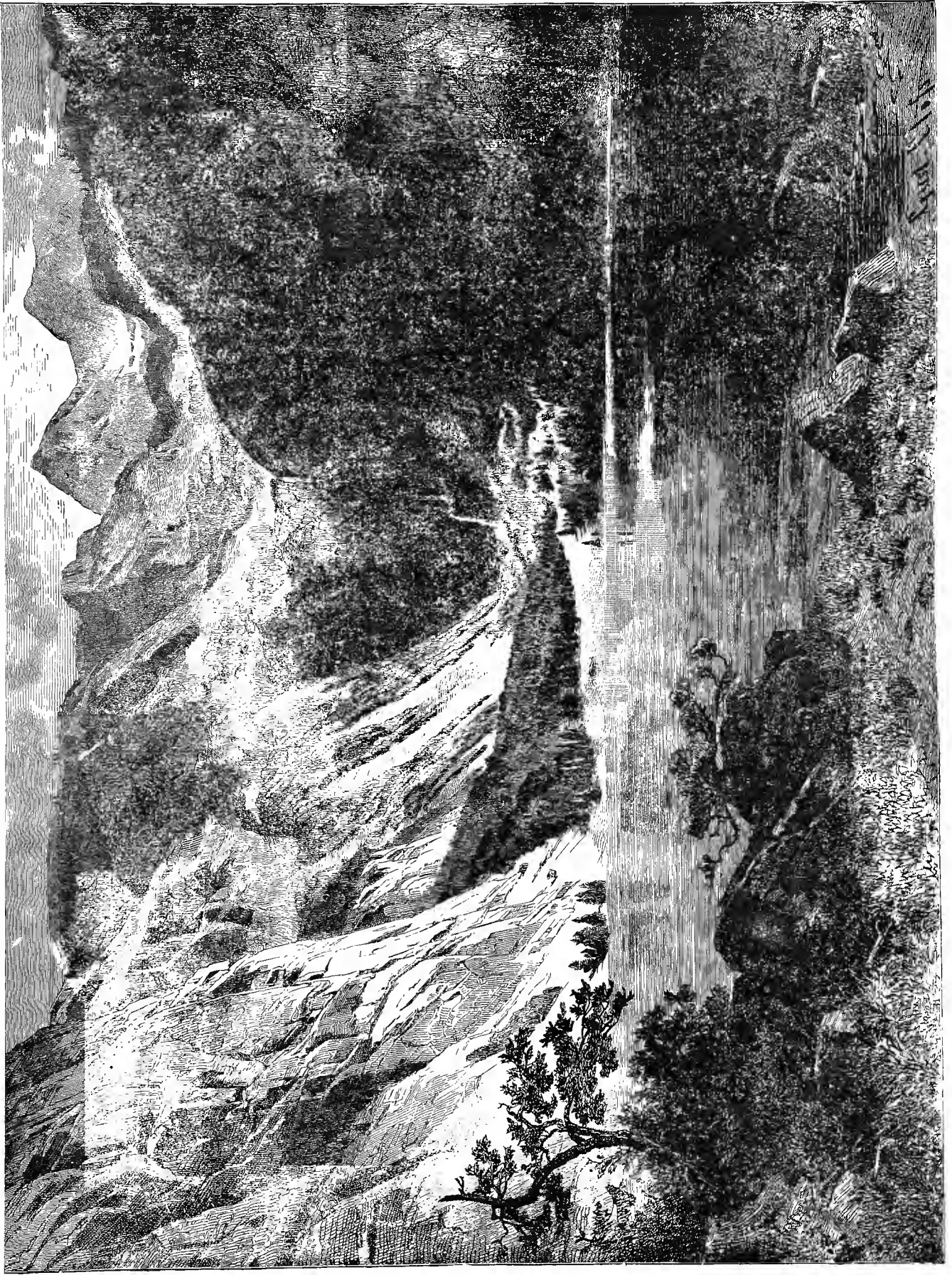
cliffs, gloomy and dark, and throwing black shadows upon the calm surface below; sometimes the setting sun shines with radiance upon the eastern shore, and illuminates the cliffs upon that side with a brilliant roseate hue: at the base of the mountains and on the margin of the lake the pine-trees stand like sentinels, stern, gloomy, and upright. Along the borders of the lake are scattered a few decayed cottages, whose poverty-stricken occupants earn a precarious livelihood by rowing tourists across the lake, or to the various groups of islands that dot its surface.

But it is not alone the beauty of Nature that attracts the attention of the tourist through the picturesque scenes of Bavaria and the Tyrol. All



CASTLE OF HOHENASCHAU.

along the line of his journey he will see relics of an olden time, remains of mediæval days. Many of the rough and rugged peaks of mountains are crowned with dilapidated convents, where, in the seclusion of his cell, the pious monk pored over the musty tomes of old, transcribing or translating the wise writings of the fathers, or embellishing, in richly colored designs, extracts from holy writings, preserving to the coming generations the valuable documents of antiquity. On some abrupt height we see a castle, now in a state of ruin and decay. In one case, as at the Castle of Hohenaschau, the base of the hill is covered with trees, and back of it range after range of mountains lift their gigantic forms, while at the Castle of Falkenstein the sunlight streams



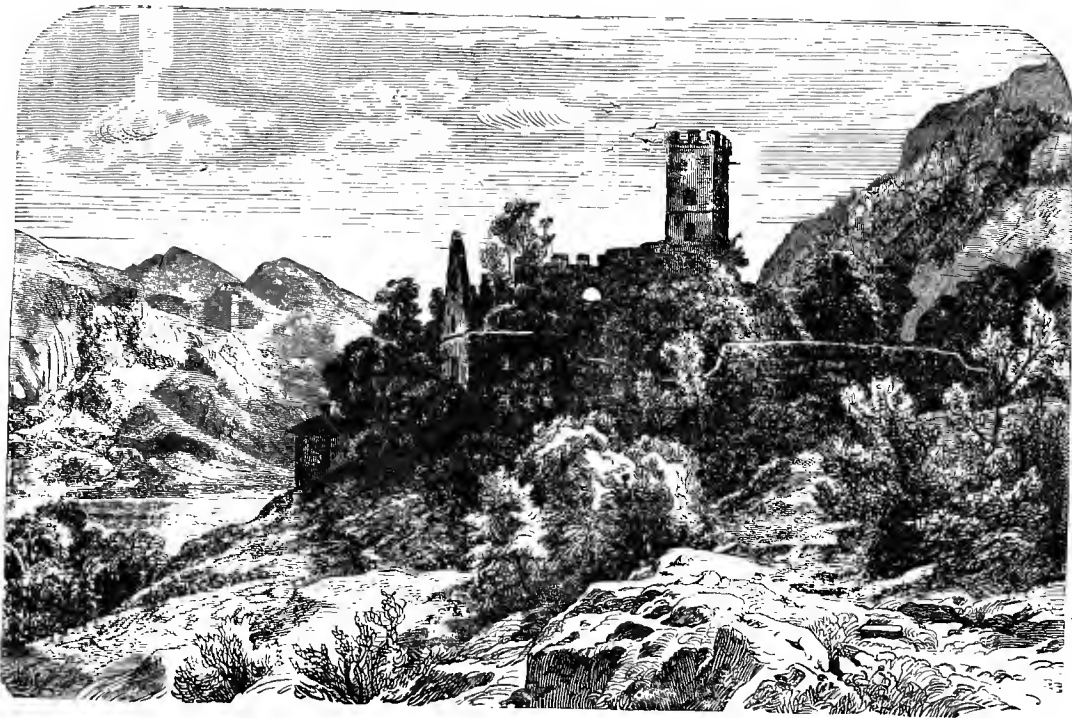
LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS.





through the dismantled windows, and the turrets and towers form a dark silhouette against the horizon. Both these castles are rich in fine views, and one who should climb to their heights would be richly rewarded for his trouble by the romantic prospect. Beautiful indeed are the dreamy solitudes of the ruins, and fair the landscape spread out on every side.

The number of ancient castles in that part of Bavaria which is mountainous is said to have been, a century ago, almost past belief. It is related that there were fifty-three convents, and not less than eight hundred and ninety-eight castles. But the devastations of war have laid waste and destroyed many of these valuable monuments of antiquity: the secular and ecclesiastical



RUINS OF FALKENSTEIN CASTLE.

edifices of a century ago are fast disappearing; some have been torn down, while others have been transformed into breweries, wherein is made the Bavarian beer so celebrated throughout the continent.

When the stranger approaching Innsbruck has crossed the marble bridge over the Inn, a picturesque little castle glances at him from out of thick masses of trees on the hills of the left shore. The fine ancient structure produces, with its picturesque surroundings, such a charming effect that every one asks its name, and receives answer, "It is the Weierburg." Though the castle has neither high towers nor walls, yet it bears the proud name of "burg," and in ancient times may well have been a strong castle, which proudly and defiantly looked down upon the swampy valley.

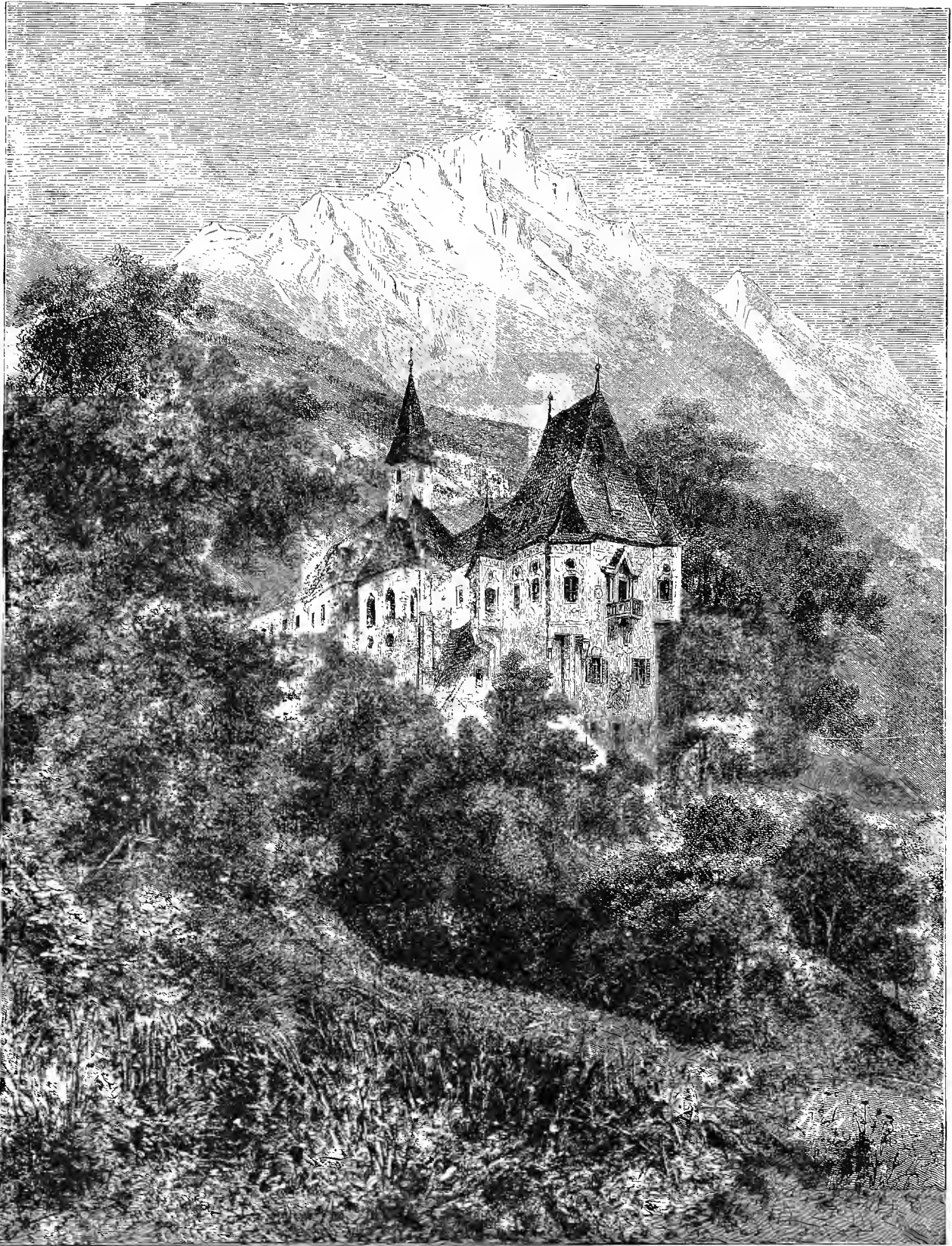
The path to the Weierburg affords a glorious view of the ever-varying mountain landscape on the right bank of the Inn. An avenue of old, broad-topped walnut-trees receives the wanderer, and leads him to the castle, which, with its jutties and little towers, presents a very graceful appearance, as the artist has here duplicated it. If he enters the long, half-lighted passages, the rooms and salons with their many projections, he can easily believe himself carried back some centuries. Old furniture ornaments the dim halls; old portraits look down earnestly from the walls. If he steps to the windows, the sweetest landscape laughs upon him, the most beautiful pictures in nature present themselves to his gaze.

This Weierburg is a spot favored in its situation. Here things are already green, and the anemones are blooming in great variety, when, in places close by, no trace of the life of spring has yet shown itself; and, in the autumn, the last flowers are plucked here. But, in the summer, the huge nut-trees and the woods rising behind the castle afford a delightful mixture of foliage and cool shade. We need not, therefore, wonder that the English, more than forty years ago, sought out this castle, endowed with so many charms, as their favorite spot, and ever since have loved to linger here. The castle offers a quiet country residence, and, that it may be wanting in nothing, its owner is an amiable, highly cultivated gentleman, who is not only a skilful agriculturist but also a well-trained artist, who has won for himself many encomiums in German academies.

One cannot without sadness separate himself from this glorious picture of graceful and magnificent Alpine nature, nor without carrying with him the longing to see it soon again. A pleasant path leads from here to Mùchlau, which is distant only a quarter of an hour, and enjoys a widely known water-cure establishment and good hotels. From this village one returns to the city over the chain-bridge and under the venerable lindens, poplars, and chestnuts of the Ferdinand Avenue.

The excursion — which repays in every respect, is rich in historical memories, and enchanting from the beautiful impressions of nature it affords — takes but an hour and a half. No stranger who visits Innsbruck should neglect the delightful walk to the Weierburg, this jewel of the Inn valley.

William Von Humboldt designated Salzburg “as the fairest town in Germany.” By some writers this picturesque town has been compared to Edinburgh. Like the principal city of Scotland, it is divided into the old



THE CASTLE OF WEIERBURG.

and the new town, and its highest elevation, like Edinburgh, is surmounted by a castle. The city of Salzburg lies on both sides of the river Salzach, a small stream which, rising in the mountains, pursues its quiet way, until,

encircled by the Noric Alps, it forces its way through a narrow defile, and joins the Inn on the Bavarian plains. The heights on both sides of the river at Salzburg are devoted to residences. Let us ascend the hill called the Capuzinerberg, on the right bank opposite the town; from this point we shall be enabled to obtain the finest view. There is a thick growth of trees which seems to hide our prospect; but if we ascend a little higher, we shall reach a quiet spot. Here it is. A peasant with his wife and children are already here before us, and the goats are nibbling the tender leaves, or lazily reclining in the shade of the overarching trees. This is the spot we have sought; the view is, perhaps, not so extensive as from a place we will visit later, but it is a gem in itself. Seated on the dethroned trunk of some ancient tree, we gaze over the tops of the intervening trees upon the landscape beyond. Beneath us lies the city, with its quaint old-fashioned roofs, above which rise numerous cupolas and towers. The spires and dome of the Cathedral are seen on our right, while beyond, the walls of the Monastery reflect the white sunshine; ever and anon we catch glimpses of dismantled walls and crumbling bastions, while in the background lofty mountains rear their heads until they seem to lose themselves in the blue sky above.

But the principal feature of the landscape, and the most picturesque, is the mediæval Castle of Hohen-Salzburg, now dismantled, which, rising high above the city on the southeast extremity of the Mönchsberg, bade, in ancient times, defiance to attack, and now frowns with grim visage upon the surrounding country.

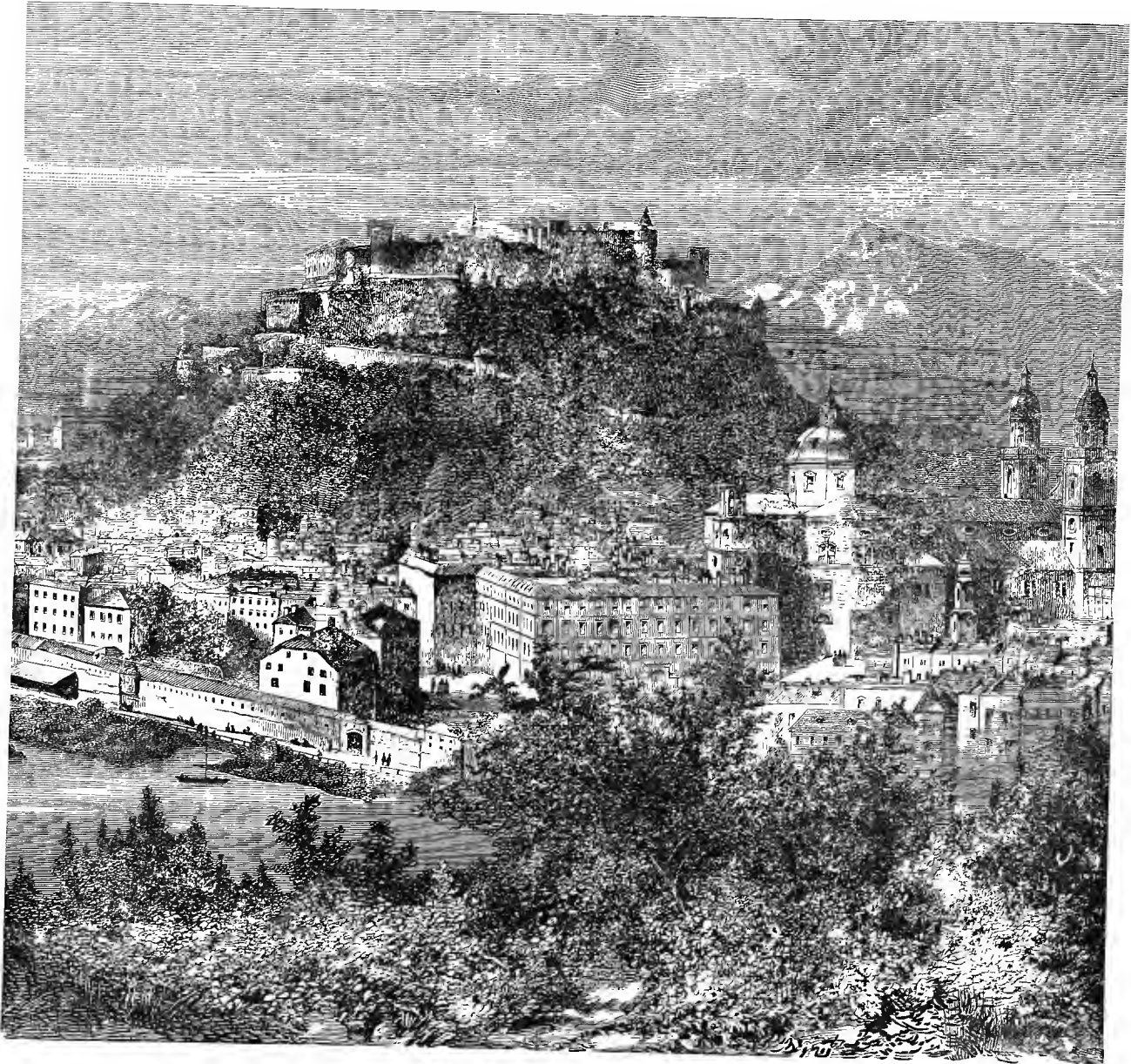
This old castle has an interesting and romantic history; as we gaze on its massive walls, our minds involuntarily wander back to the days of imperial Rome, when this very spot was a camp of the Roman legions, and this very city was governed by the magnates of the Roman Empire. The Roman town was destroyed by the hordes of Attila; the dukes of Bavaria restored it to its former condition. Within the chambers of this castle the instruments of torture have often been applied, and the groans of the dying have echoed throughout its corridors. During the fourteenth century the castle was enlarged, and shortly afterwards assumed its present form. The rude camp of the Romans gave place to the more elaborate fortification of the Franks, and during the time of Charlemagne Salzburg reached the height of its power and glory. But again the ruthless hand of war was to devastate the lordly castle, and in later days it was the residence of those celebrated archbishops



PETER'S CHURCHYARD IN SALZBURG.

who not only held spiritual sway over their subjects, but were as well princes of the German Empire and city of Salzburg. But now all the glory has departed; the fortress has been allowed to go to decay, and serves only for the purpose of barracks.

Let us move farther down the river, and take our position a little farther to the north: the same view is before us; the principal features of the landscape remain unchanged; but we obtain a side view of the castle, and see more of the town. At our feet lies the river, and just beyond the ancient wall of the city. In the principal square we see the Palace and the Cath-



SALZBURG.

edral; the latter, erected in the early years of the seventeenth century, is said to have been built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome: it is a large and spacious edifice, cruciform, with towers and dome, and every indication that the archbishops of a former day were lavish of money when expended for the glory of God. Near the Cathedral we behold the archiepiscopal palace, once the residence of those mighty men who, until the present century, reigned

over Salzburg. The Castle and the Monastery, that stand upon the Mönchsberg, appear to us much the same as in the first view, but look larger and more formidable to us as we view them laterally. Again, we get a fuller view of the mountains far at our left, around which cluster scenes of picturesque beauty which vie with the richest landscapes of Switzerland.

Let us descend into the ancient town, and wander through its streets. Let us visit the stables of former princes, consisting of an immense amphitheatre hewn from the solid rock, but now devoted to the use of cavalry regiments. See how the houses on yonder hill seem to cling as it were to the naked rock, reminding one of swallows' nests under the eaves of a country barn. Let us take a stroll through the Museum, near the convent of St. Ursula, and view the rare collection of Roman and Celtic antiquities. Here is a fine display of ancient armor, and implements of war used hundreds of years ago; those who are interested in numismatics will find in this museum a collection of coins dating back over eight hundred years.

Not far from the Cathedral is the collegiate church of St. Peter, a fine edifice built in the twelfth century, in the Romanesque style. The interior is adorned with memorial tablets and monuments, the most interesting of modern times being the one in honor of Haydn, the illustrious composer. Attached to this church is a fine hall, which contains a library of some forty thousand volumes, a valuable collection of ancient coins, engravings, and works of art. Let us leave the church and enter the Burial Ground of St. Peter. It is situated directly south of the church of the same name, and is the most ancient place of sepulture in the town. It is said to date from the time of St. Rupert, and it is believed that he consecrated the ground; at any rate, the appearance of the place is ancient in the extreme, and the chapels and vaults, hewn from the solid rock, bear upon the sculptured marble inscriptions which date far back into the twilight of the past. In the view presented on page 95 we see the churchyard, situated at the base of an overhanging rock, from which hangs rich and luxurious foliage; before us, in the open space, are monuments in every style of mortuary design, while cowed monks kneel before the ancient symbol of Christianity, or converse together within this sacred enclosure. Raise your eyes above, and, high on the hill, above the trees, you behold crowning the eminence a magnificent specimen of mediæval architecture, giving to the whole scene a picturesque beauty equalling, if not excelling, any on the continent.

The most vigorous pen utterly fails when it attempts to describe the beauty and the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps. The reader of these pages may conjure up a vision from some description which he has read of this wondrous country, and he may be aided by some of the representations which we present in this volume ; but magnificent as the description may be, and true to nature as the picture may be, the ideal formed will be totally inferior to the reality.



## WÜRTENBERG.

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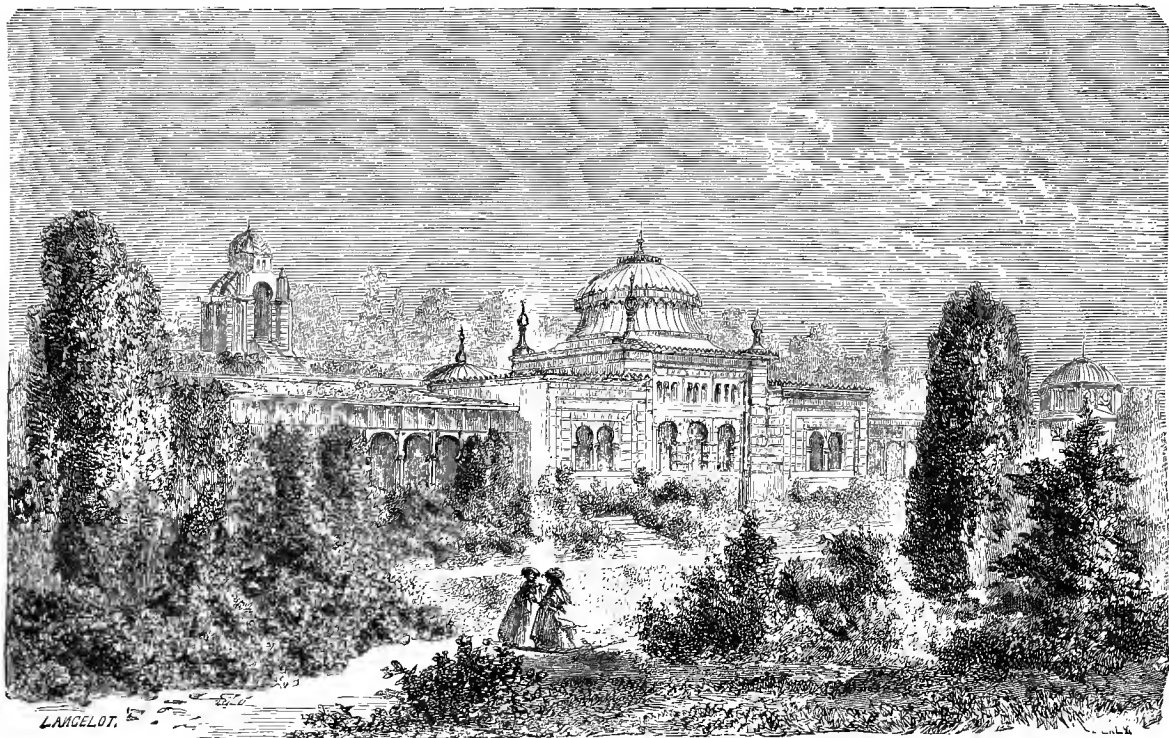
**D**O not leave this beautiful region without passing down the valley of the Neckar. Starting from Heidelberg, we proceed to the city of Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg. It is a well-built town, laid out with wide avenues and fine squares. In ancient days a castle existed where now



PLACE OF THE OLD CASTLE.

stands the modern city; and slowly, from small beginnings, the population has increased, until at the present time it numbers nearly one hundred thousand souls. It happened to be the day of the fair or market when we reached Stuttgart, and it was very fortunate indeed, because it seemed to us

like being transported into the past century, and living in another age and generation. As we wandered leisurely through the market-place, the peasants from the country were continually arriving, — some with high hats turned up on both sides, yellow small-clothes, and close-cut vests of black velvet, the buttons of which were so large that they almost touched each other; others appeared in long surtouts, short-waisted and narrow-skirted, with pockets of unbounded capacity. The women were very picturesque in their appearance. They wore their hair long, touching the ground, in two broad plaits, tied at intervals with bright ribbons. These, we were informed, were from Suabia.



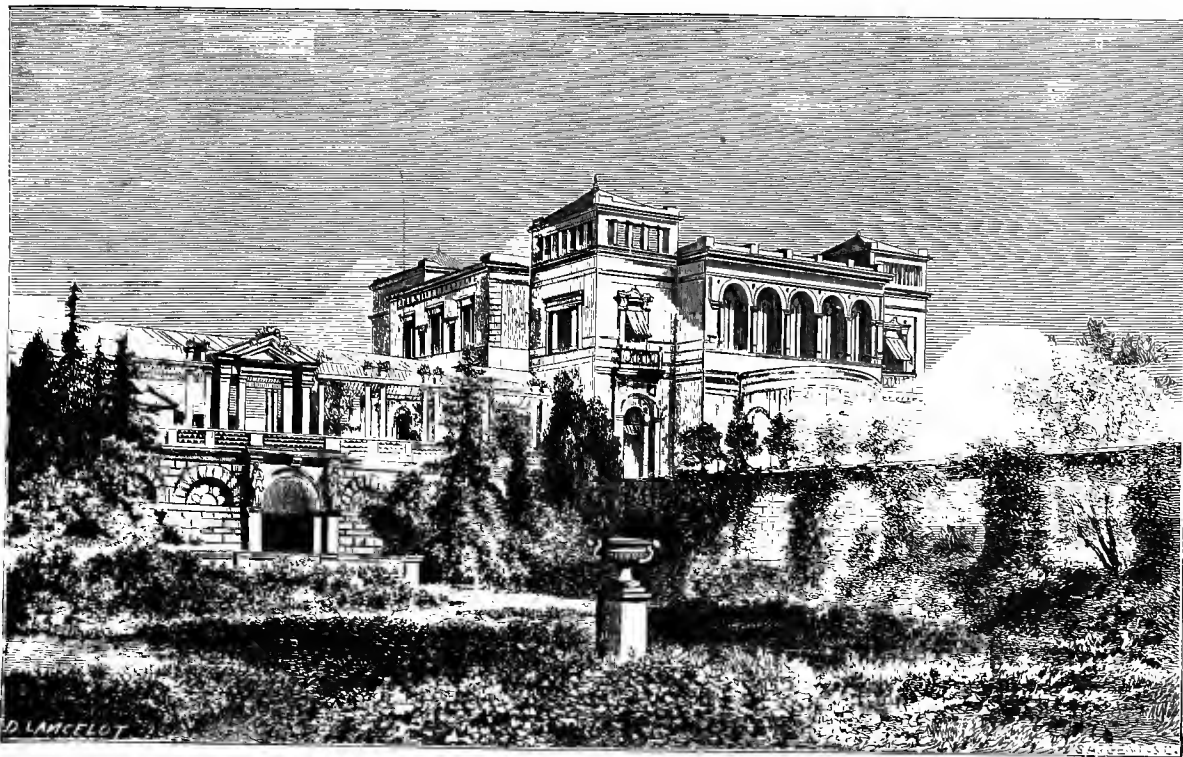
WILHELMA.

The old castle, a court with three stories of arcades, is not wanting in character; all tourists speak of it; all the printed and all the local guides take us there; it has an old tower in which creeps up a staircase one can ascend on horseback, so gradual is the incline. This old castle is now used as a kitchen for the royal household.

Leaving the public square, we soon found ourselves in the midst of one of those charming landscapes of Würtemberg where plain, forests, and hills which almost assume the appearance of mountains are grouped together in the happiest manner for the eye; where pretty villages, with their great brown roofs, with bold silhouettes, and surrounded by a vigorous growth of verdure, carve themselves against the blue background of the Suabian Alp, under a sky

luminous, but veiled by a slight mist. On the route, peasants were passing on foot and on horseback, talking a little, smoking always.

We go out from Stuttgart along the Castle Garden, a long promenade of a league in extent, and we reach the Castle of Rosenstein. This boasts of its gardens, its Arabian palace, La Wilhelma, &c.; the king has expended so many marks on the Indian cupolas and the galleries of La Wilhelma, that the good people of Württemberg have murmured the word "Folly;" hearing which the king has reserved to himself alone the enjoyment of his folly, and the gates remain obstinately closed to all visitors. The king's son has his folly also, — a charming Italian imitation, which is called the Villa of the



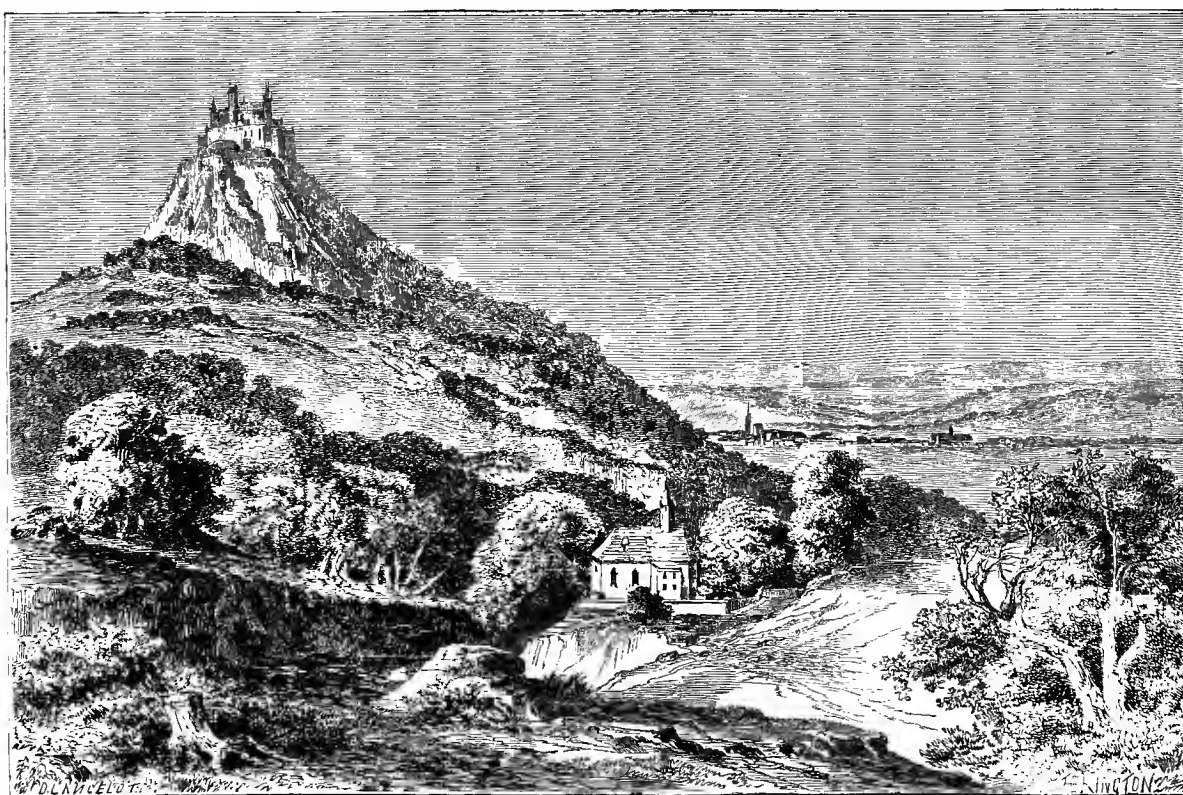
VILLA OF THE PRINCE ROYAL.

Prince Royal; but what a sad air must it have when winter deprives it of its sun and verdure; and how one must shiver when under those open galleries, suited to the climate of Naples!

We pass under the foundations of the castle by a tunnel of four hundred and twenty metres in length, to come out in the valley of the Neckar, the right bank of which we follow as far as Plochingen, in the midst of vineyards and of fields of maize. Plochingen is only a substantial borough town; Esslingen, which we first reached, is an ancient imperial city. It was a sovereign state before its reduction to the rank of a simple Württembergian municipality.

At Reichenbach we enter the valley of the Fils, which has its rise in the centre of the Suabian Alps, the last chain which separates us from the Danube.

The Suabian Alps extend from the source of the Neckar to that of the Jaxt. The highest and wildest part bears particularly the name of Ragged Alps. Hohenberg reaches a height of a thousand and twenty-seven yards, and Hohenzollern nine hundred and sixteen; Hohen-Neuffen is almost as high. The Castle of Hohenzollern stands on a high limestone plateau, not very far from Hohenstauffen and from Altorf, the original seat of the Welfs (Guelphs);



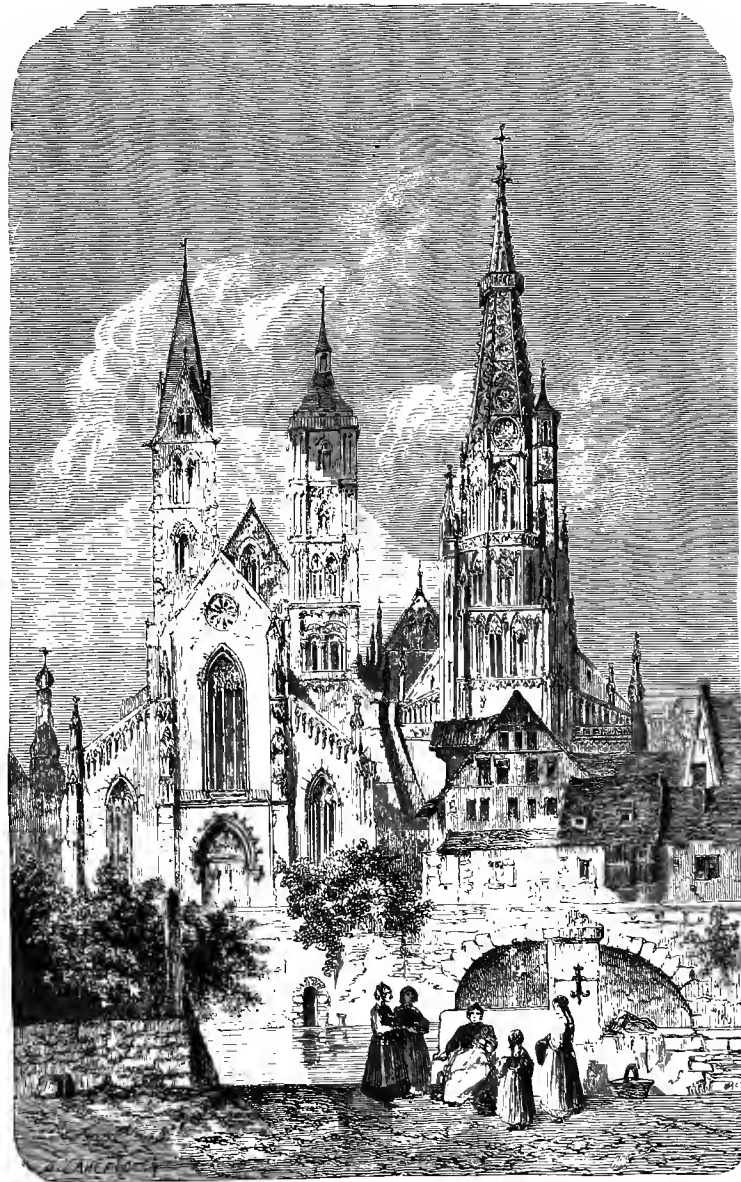
CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

this castle was the ancestral home of Conrad of Hohenzollern, the twenty-third lineal ancestor of the present Emperor William of Prussia. Ragged Alps cannot be compared for boldness of form with mountain chains of the first order; they, however, appeared to us very picturesque.

We arrive on the plateau of the Suabian Alps with a certain emotion: here passes the line of division between the waters of Europe; before us they flow to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean; behind us, to the North Sea and the Atlantic. It is like the boundary of two worlds.

Upon arriving at Ulm, as soon as we recover the use of our limbs we

will go, not to the old city, which still retains its wooden houses and its tortuous streets; nor to its Münster, which puts that of Strasburg to the blush — (next to that of Cologne it is the most vast of all the churches of Germany); nor to the fortifications, which, we are assured, will one day humble

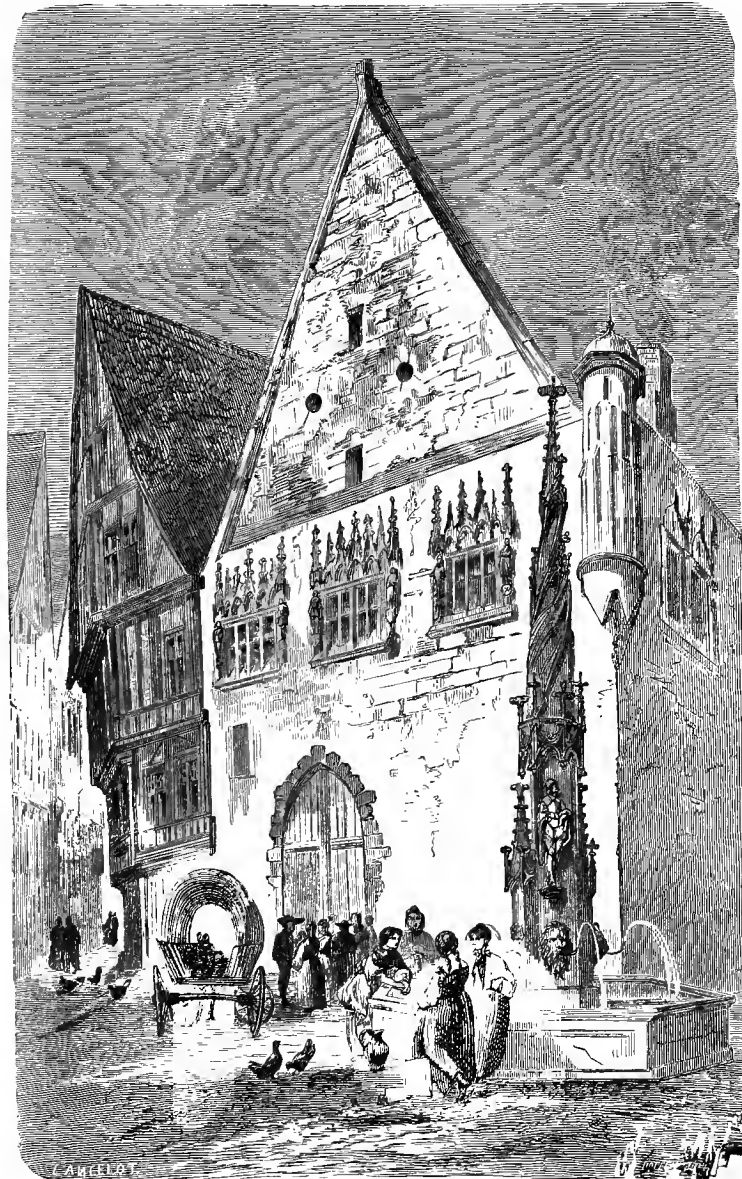


CHURCH OF ESSLINGEN.

the pride of France; but to the Danube, which bathes it. We hasten to contemplate the true king of the rivers of Europe.

The possessor of Ulm holds the key of the Danube; Napoleon took it in 1805. Like a true German city as it is, the old city has had two masters, even three. Its prosperity has not been in proportion to the number of those whom it obeys. There was a time when it had more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; now it is reduced to less than one half that number. We

are in a city very German, and which has not yet made its toilet for the nineteenth century. If we were an inhabitant, we should like it better dressed out in the last mode, with modern improvements; for it would then be brilliantly illuminated at night; its muddy river would be cleared and deepened; its pavement, so hard, would be made level, and its tortuous streets squared into lines like a Prussian regiment, to the greater profit of its business men;

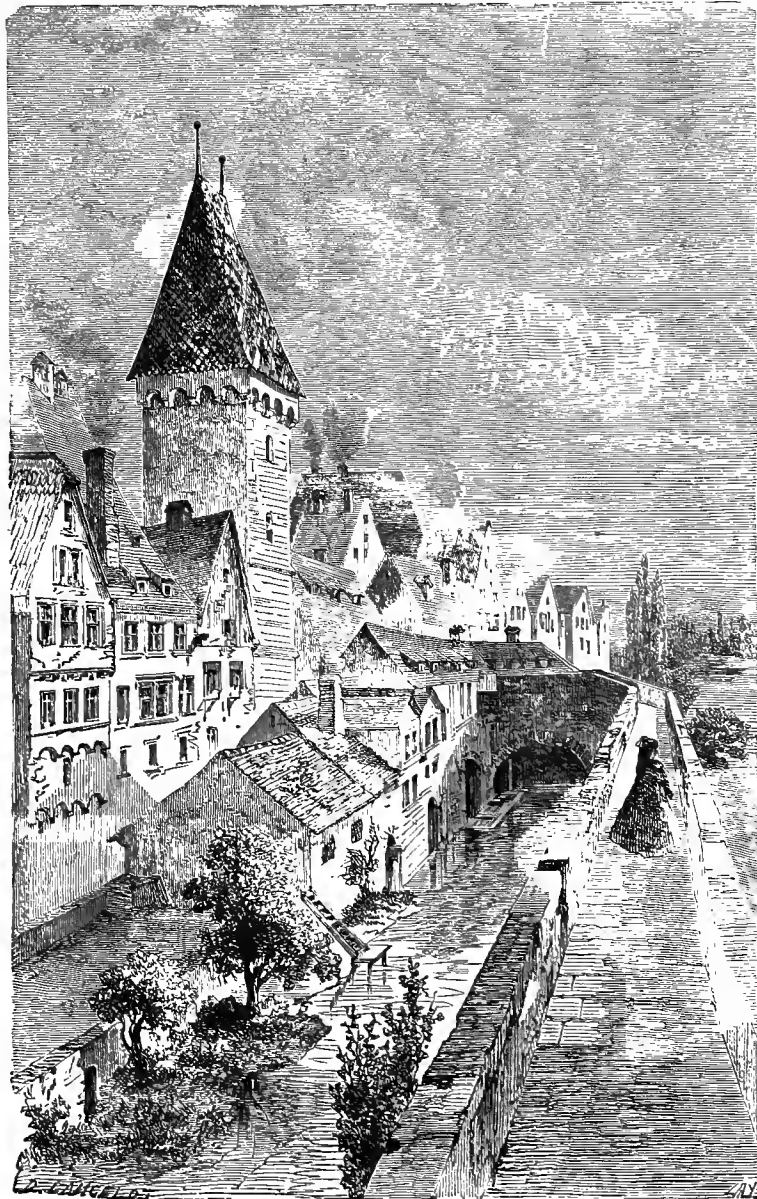


HOTEL DE VILLE AT ULM.

but as a tourist we prefer it as it is. Is there not a real joy in finding an old Gothic city instead of the eternal quadrant of Regent Street which one meets now everywhere? The centuries ought, indeed, like the landscape gardeners, to leave here and there some signs or testimonies in the midst of the work of destruction and of levelling which they accomplish. There would be so great a charm in contemplating at intervals the living past!

Ulm has one of the most beautiful churches in Germany, — its Cathedral. It is of that style which sacrifices all to boldness ; from a distance it is imposing and grand.

The Town Hall and the fountain which decorates the square also deserve mention. The hotel was constructed in the second half of the fourteenth



THE RAMPARTS OF ULM.

century (about 1370). Frescos formerly decorated its façade ; some traces of them are yet seen.

The Danube at Ulm is still very modest. From Donaueschingen to Sigmaringen its valley is pleasing and lovely. It flows sometimes between mountains covered with rich foliage ; anon we find upon its borders fresh green meadows that seem like lawns covered with beautiful flowers. On rocky

heights overlooking the river, the remains of some lordly castle of the Middle Ages stand silent and forsaken, and we picture the happy occupants of the mediæval days, as they busied themselves in the dangers of battle or the delights of the chase. Some parts of the way are lined with forests whose branches are continually in motion: in fact, the valley of the Danube is a continual feast to one whose heart and eyes are open to receive the picturesque and the beautiful in nature and in art. The valley of the Danube is of such supreme interest that we shall, further on in this work, give a more detailed account, copiously illustrated, of the most salient points on the river, and present to those who have not had the pleasure of sailing down this charming stream, such scenes and narratives as we deem worthy of interest. To those who have in days gone by followed the course of the river, and gazed upon the varied scenes, such views will be almost a revival of the first visit, and will serve to recall some of the pleasant days passed in Continental travel.



## DOWN THE DANUBE.

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### THE DANUBE.

DUNA! thou queen of many rivers, — thou  
Of all Slavonia, venerable mother!  
Why to a foreign ocean dost thou flow,  
Why leave thy native home to seek another?  
O, if thou love thy birthplace, if thou know  
Pity for these thy sorrowing children, glide  
Not to the Osmans, but these tears of woe  
Bear to thy cradle on thy silver tide.  
Dost thou seek wreaths of fame? — it is no fame  
To bear a hundred ships upon thy face  
While it is watered by a single tear, —  
Yet this is glory, when Wletawa here  
Joins to thy name its own fraternal name,  
And thy bride Saale speeds to thine embrace.

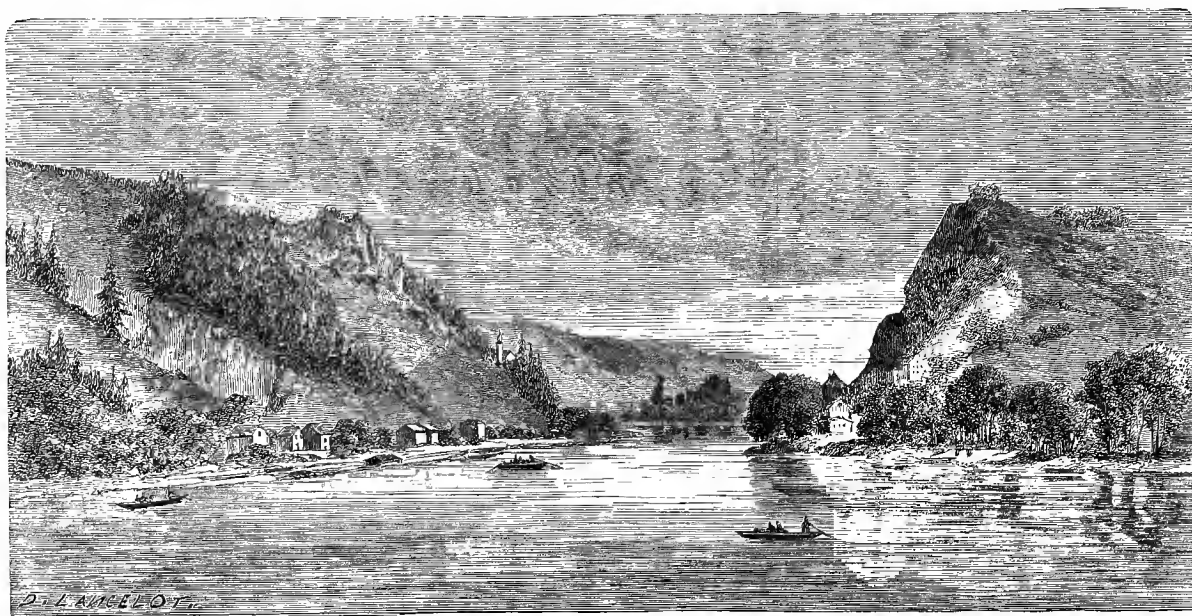
JOHN KOLLÁR. TR. JOHN BOWRING.

COMING north from Salzburg, we strike the Danube at Passau. Here the grandeur and beauty of the famous river really commence, and from this point we shall follow it eastward across the entire breadth of the Austrian Empire, until, at Belgrade, we leave behind us the double-headed eagle, and enter upon that much disputed ground known in general terms as "The Principalities."

Passau is one of the oldest cities in Germany. A tribe of the Gauls had a village here in very early days; later, the Romans fortified it as a camp; and in 737 A. D. it had importance enough as a German town to be made the seat of a bishopric. Hence grew up a rich ecclesiastical principality, whose

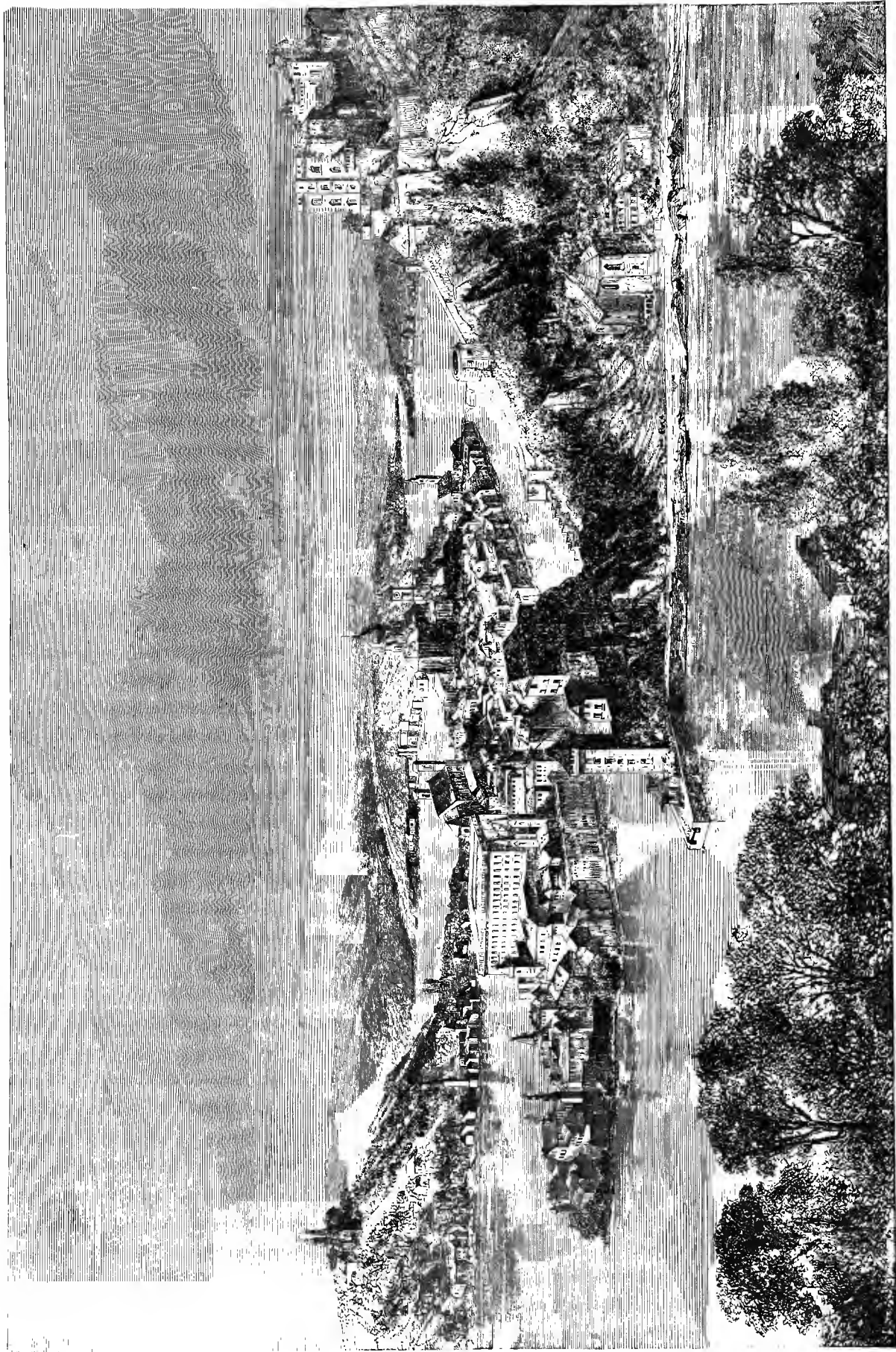
bishop possessed numerous domains in Austria, and was the metropolitan of all the churches in the valley of the Danube, from the Inn to the Leitha, the see of Vienna not having been established until 1480.

The position of the city justifies its importance. Occupying as it does a narrow rocky strip of ground, at the confluence of the Inn and the Danube, it has great advantages as a military post, and at the same time it offers the painter rare inducements for the exercise of his skill. In the illustration it is represented as seen from the northeast. The Danube comes from the west, the Inn from the south, and the Ilz, immediately in the foreground, falls into the Danube just below the city. A noteworthy point in the real scene, which our picture unhappily cannot give, is the difference in color of the three rivers.



THE DANUBE AT LINTZ.

The water of the Ilz is clear but brownish, like all the streams whose springs have filtered through the granite rocks of the Bohemian Mountains; that of the Danube is green as an emerald; that of the Inn is light gray, and turbulent. The body of water brought by the Inn is, doubtless, greater than that brought by the Danube: the breadth of the Inn is nine hundred and fifty-seven feet to the Danube's seven hundred and ninety-two, and you wonder why the Tyrolese branch is not reckoned as the main river, until you remember what a share Rome had eighteen centuries ago in settling the chief points of European geography. In her eyes, the Inn, flowing north, was only a road from the Alps into Germany; but the Danube, with its eastward moving current, was something very much more than this: it was a great boundary,—



VIEW OF PASSAU.



it was, so to speak, the broad moat which guarded the approaches to her far extended territory.

Returning to the illustration, we notice on the right the old fortress of Oberhaus, overlooking the city at a height of three hundred and sixty feet. It is now scarcely better than a prison, and, save the view from its summit, offers no attraction to the visitor. On the left rises the pilgrimage church of Mariahilf, reached, if you choose, by a covered stairway of two hundred and sixty-four steps, from the little suburb on the river's bank. The town itself has a cathedral of the thirteenth century, and its houses are sufficiently mediæval to be interesting. A half-day satisfies us with Passau, and early in the afternoon we embark on the steamer for Linz. For a few minutes after leaving the pier everybody is attracted by the picturesque view of the city and its suburbs, rising as a sort of amphitheatre in the foreground, while into the distance, as far as the eye can see, stretch away the valleys of the Inn and of the Danube, and over all bends the blue sky of early afternoon.

The boat glides on, and at a bend of the river we enter what seems like a vast lake hemmed in by hills of irregular contour; a little farther on we lose sight of the entrance into this lake, nor can we see the outlet. All around us is solitude; not a village is in sight, no other boat upon the water. The earth is fruitful, vegetation is splendid; and in the midst of this calm, tranquil nature, softly borne along by this beautiful river, one feels cradled upon the breast of the mighty and loving mother, who bears us, and who smiles upon us all.

Only human life seems absent; and yet it is not far away. Now and then we have a glimpse of a church-spire; and villages, which could not cling to the steep slopes of the hills, are nestled behind them on the plateaus.

Sometimes the picture changes, and we see broad meadows, kept luxuriantly green by the river fogs; or forests, perfuming the air, and crowding close to the water's edge; here and there a side valley, opening to the river, and a sparkling, eager brook dashing down impatiently over the rocks. Then, incidents of land and water: a cow, who watches us as we pass, with her gentle, tranquil air; a bird fishing, who, as we approach, spreads his wings and flies away; the diver, swimming and going under water at intervals; or the heron, whose patience we disturb, who rises, and with his great wings grazes the surface of the water.

As for ruins, we see but few. Evidently the Danube was not a favorite

resort of the robber knights ; they could prosper only where a higher authority was inert or absent, and along a river which was a great commercial highway. Both these advantages were afforded them by the Rhine ; but the Danube, besides being ruled by the strong hands of the dukes of Austria, traversed countries incessantly ravaged by great wars, and led to lands whence nothing came and whither nothing went. After all, there is not so much that is accidental in history as we think.



VIEW OF LINTZ.

## TWO LOVERS.

A SKIFF swam down the Danube's tide,  
 Therein a bridegroom sate, and bride,  
 He one side, she the other.

"Tell me, my dearest heart," said she,  
 "What present shall I make to thee?"

And back her little sleeve she stripped,  
 And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,  
 And laughed and jested with his bride.

"Fair Lady Danube, give me here  
 Some pretty gift to please my dear."

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,  
 Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?  
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair,  
She looks a princess, sitting there.

“Fair Lady Danube, give me here  
Some pretty gift to please my dear!”

Once more she'll try what she can feel;  
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,  
Fished up a golden comb the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,  
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight,  
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave,  
They must atone for 't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,  
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

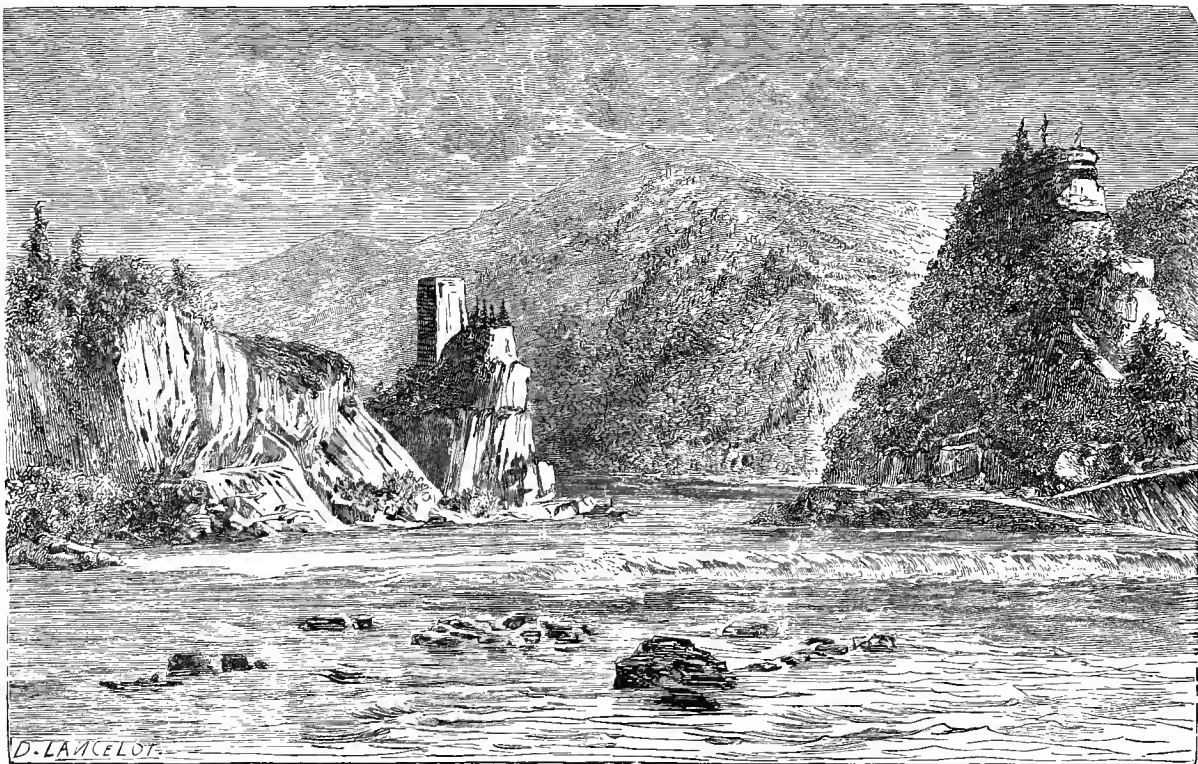
And when the moon in heaven did stand,  
The lovers floated dead to land,  
He one side, she the other.

EDUARD MÖRIKE. TR. C. T. BROOKS.

Farther on, the river widens and the view extends. The double wall of hills and forests which hemmed us in vanishes, and we are not sorry, after three hours, to have a wider outlook. We find ourselves in a sort of labyrinth of islands and shallows, where the Danube loses its grandeur and its strength, changing its bed at every freshet, — almost with every week. The banks are low; we are again in a plain, and afar we discern the Salzburg Alps, and the Traunstein, which we last saw from St. Peter's tower in Munich. It is a compensation. One soon wearies of these level shores, however, and it is with pleasure that we find ourselves again entering a valley, not so grand as that we left a few miles back, but beautiful with its granitic rocks and luxuriant vegetation, graceful in outline, and with many scattered country-houses, which announce to us that we are approaching Lintz.

This city, the capital of Upper Austria, was made the centre of vast fortifications no later than 1830-36, but the engines of modern warfare have rendered them entirely untenable, and they are now in process of removal.

Between five o'clock one afternoon and eight the next morning we have time enough to do justice to Linz. There is a good hotel, and we have supper in a garden, with an accompaniment of military music. Later in the evening we sit on a balcony overlooking the river, the music still ringing out triumphantly in the clear night air. Of all nights in the year this happens to be one when an archduke is expected in Linz, and so the town is all ablaze with illuminations, and the vessels at the quay are bright with colored lanterns. As the evening grew later and darker, we could not see the river beneath; only the strings of colored lanterns, and solitary lights



THE STRUDEL.

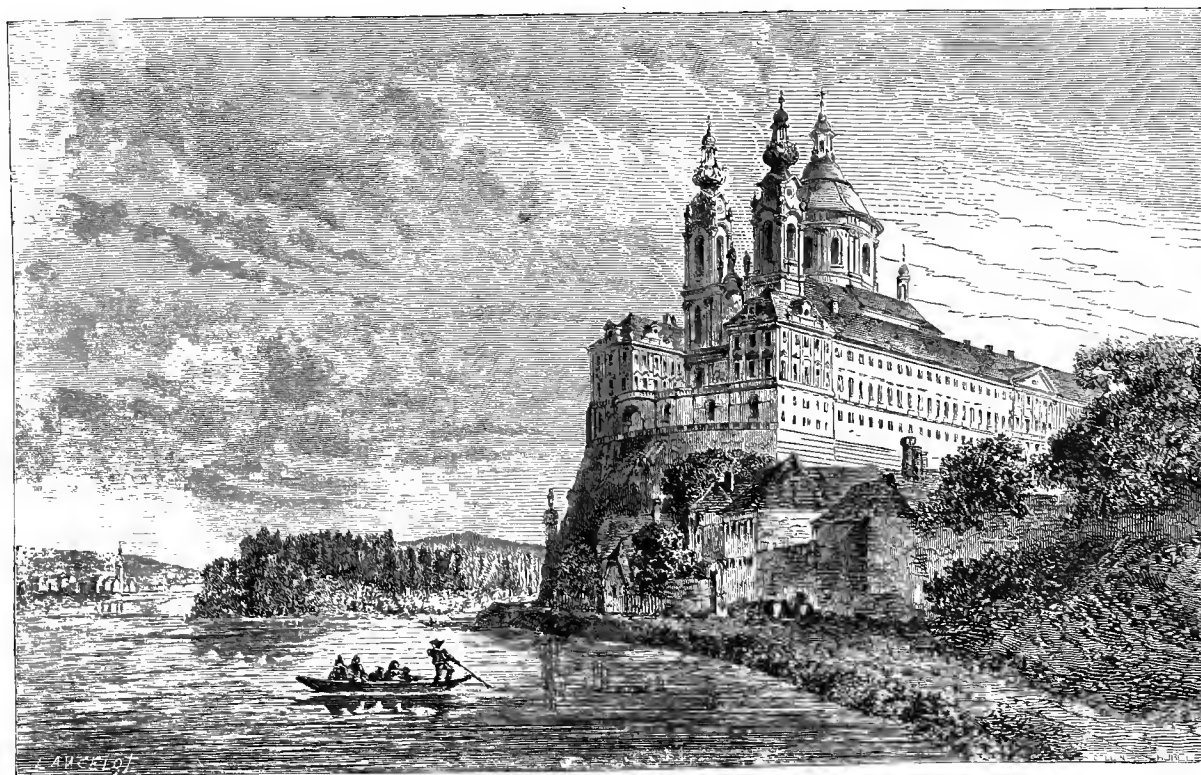
skimming like water-spiders hither and thither with incredible rapidity, as some single oarsman shot across and vanished, and reappeared, and vanished again. When and how the archduke arrived we never knew, but we could only hope that he enjoyed his reception as much as we did.

Early the next morning we resumed our journey. The banks of the river are lower and less varied, and only at Grein, which we reach after two hours' sail, is there anything to disturb the traveller who may choose, like ourselves, to while away the hours with a book. But here ridges of rock make out into the stream, and form a rapid, a prelude to the famous Strudel, once very dangerous to vessels. But the rocks of the Strudel were blasted



for the last time in 1853, and now, at the lowest water, there is still a depth of six feet in the channel. The current is extremely swift, but there is no longer any danger; and we return to our reading, a little disappointed that this is all there is of the Strudel. The famous Wirbel, once a fathomless gulf, — a whirlpool of the direst description, and a pendant to the Strudel, — has been “improved” entirely out of existence.

But what superb mass of buildings is this, — palace, church, and fortress all in one, — its base upon the granite rock a hundred feet above our heads, its towers, and colossal sculptured figures, and glittering copper dome, clear



ABBEY OF MÖLK.

cut against the brilliant mid-day sky, some two hours after we have left the Strudel behind us? It is the old Benedictine monastery of MÖLK, one of the richest religious establishments in Central Europe. For more than eight centuries this spot has been the home of a brotherhood of monks, many of them men of high rank and elegant scholarship; and to-day the courtly and gentle brothers lead the same life, in these cloistered halls and shady gardens, that their predecessors were leading there before Peter the Hermit roused all Europe with the war-cry of the Crusades.

The present buildings were erected not quite two hundred years ago, and attest, by their vast extent and magnificent internal construction, the habits of

luxury and ceremony to which the old monks were accustomed. The Library and Refectory are stately halls, sixty feet high, and finished almost entirely in marble. The church, which is built wholly of marble, is of size to accommodate five or six thousand people. The suite of apartments belonging to the abbot consists of thirty spacious rooms, including a chapel for his private devotions, and a concert hall. The chapel has a wonderful golden cross in it, which was made in 1363. It is two feet high, with a silver foot, and the back much adorned with pearls and gems. All the abbot's apartments are



THE PRATER.

furnished with great elegance, and they are kept in scrupulous order, whether the reverend gentleman is at home or absent.

The hospitality of M $\ddot{o}$ lk is on a scale no less princely. Sixty guest-chambers are kept constantly in readiness, and at some times of the year they are all occupied. The regular inmates of the monastery are only about three hundred in number, and of these but eighty-four are monks, the rest being servitors of various grades and young men pursuing their studies here.

Fifteen miles more upon the Danube, and, just as the sun is sinking, we find ourselves in "the imperial city," — Vienna.

A very familiar name attracts us first, as we enter on the campaign of sight-seeing, — the Prater, that famous park, so much admired a century ago for its combination of natural and artificial charms. But the Prater has seen its best days. It is low and damp, and seems poorly kept. It is not, perhaps, quite safe to call it deserted, for now and then the Viennese drive thither in crowds; but at the moment we entered this celebrated park we could see no one, down the long avenues or on the level greensward, save only a herd of deer and one solitary archduke. The archduke was driving at full speed towards the entrance; and the deer, who have their liberty, were setting off,

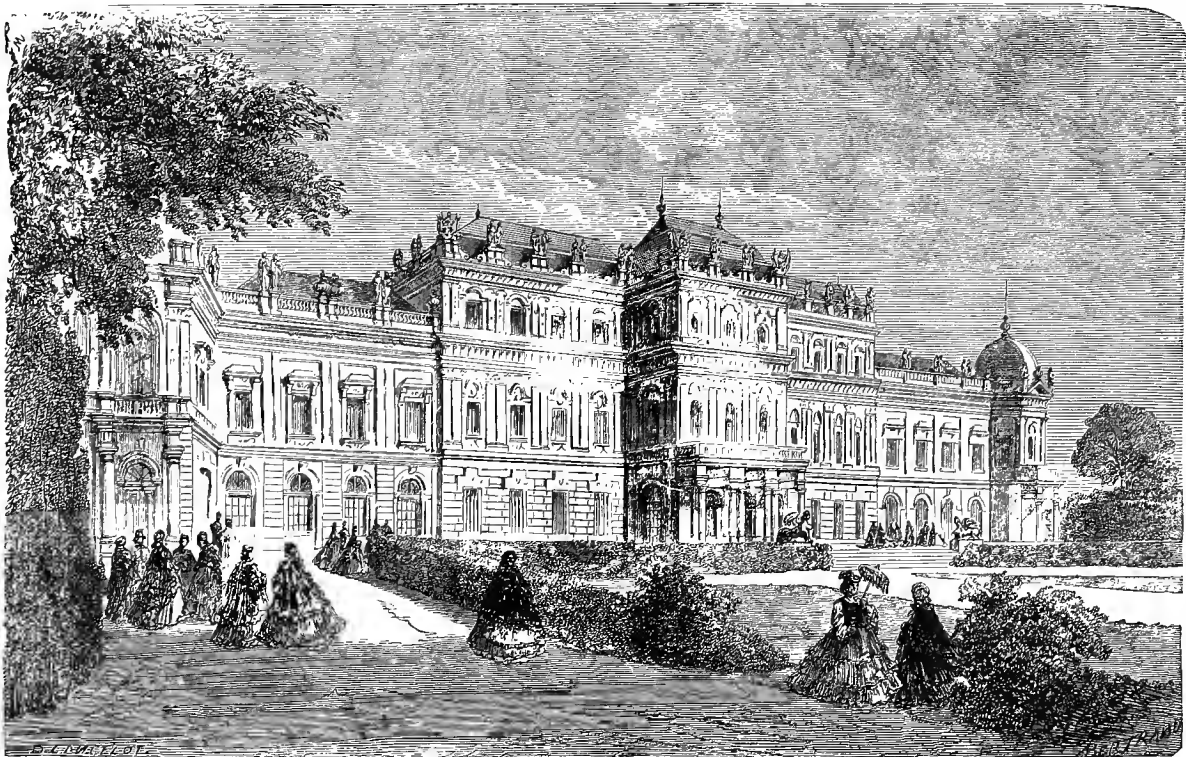


THE GLORIETTE AT SCHÖNBRUNN.

also at full speed, for some more remote pasture-ground. To tell the truth, it is the railways that have spoiled the Prater, by offering access, at a very small expense of time and money, to scenes much lovelier and fresher than any park can be, even in its best estate.

No greater contrast could be imagined than that existing between this neglected old place and the fine, well-kept gardens attached to the Palace of Schönbrunn. The palace itself is only a handsome large country-house, but the gardens are a miniature copy of those of Versailles, a very miracle of art and regularity. The avenues are lined with trees of great height, clipped so closely that they resemble solid green walls, wherein stand, in niches at regular

intervals, white marble figures of life size. There are lakes here and there, adorned with groups of tritons and nereids. One lovely statue of a nymph pours from her urn a perpetual stream of deliciously cold water; and at the extreme end of the grand avenue, facing the palace, is its reproduction in miniature, the Gloriette, a very elegant pavilion, whose two wings are open porticos, and from whose roof we have a noble view of the city and the mountains beyond.



THE BELVEDERE, VIENNA.

From Schönbrunn it is a short drive to the Belvedere, an imperial château, erected in 1724. It consists of two buildings, the Upper and the Lower Belvedere, separated by a garden laid out in the French style. The Upper Belvedere contains the great picture-gallery. This collection is especially rich in Venetian and Flemish paintings: there are twenty or thirty Titians, as many more by Paul Veronese, and a long list of works by Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Teniers; the German school of Albrecht Dürer and Holbein is well represented, and so, too, is the later German school.

A detailed account of pictures does not come within the scope of the present work, and we shall therefore linger but briefly in the gallery, and, calling the reader's attention to the view from the garden which lies back of the Upper Belvedere, we shall return to the city, taking on our way the

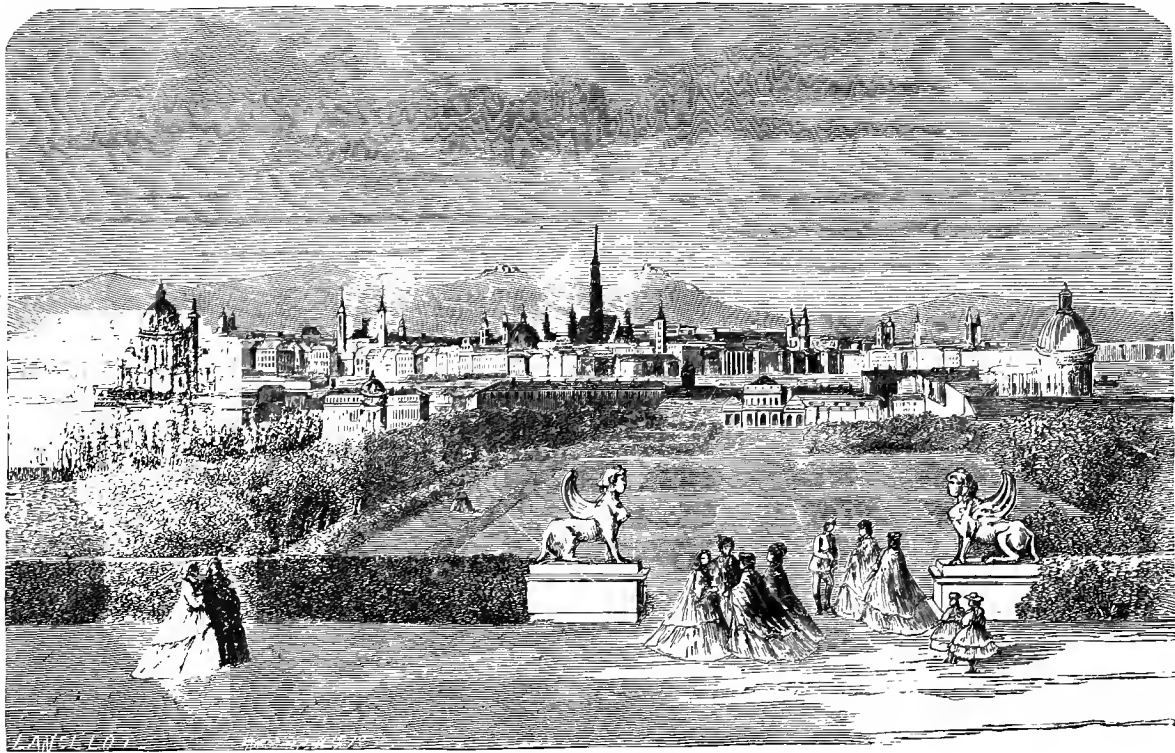


ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

church of St. Charles Borromeo, seen on page 124. This was the votive offering whereby the Emperor Charles VI. thanked God when the plague was

stayed in Vienna; and, over the main entrance is a great bas-relief, portraying the effects of this malady. Two great columns, rising either side of the central building, give an air of originality to this structure. They are adorned with bas-reliefs from the life of St. Charles, rising in a spiral to the top of the column.

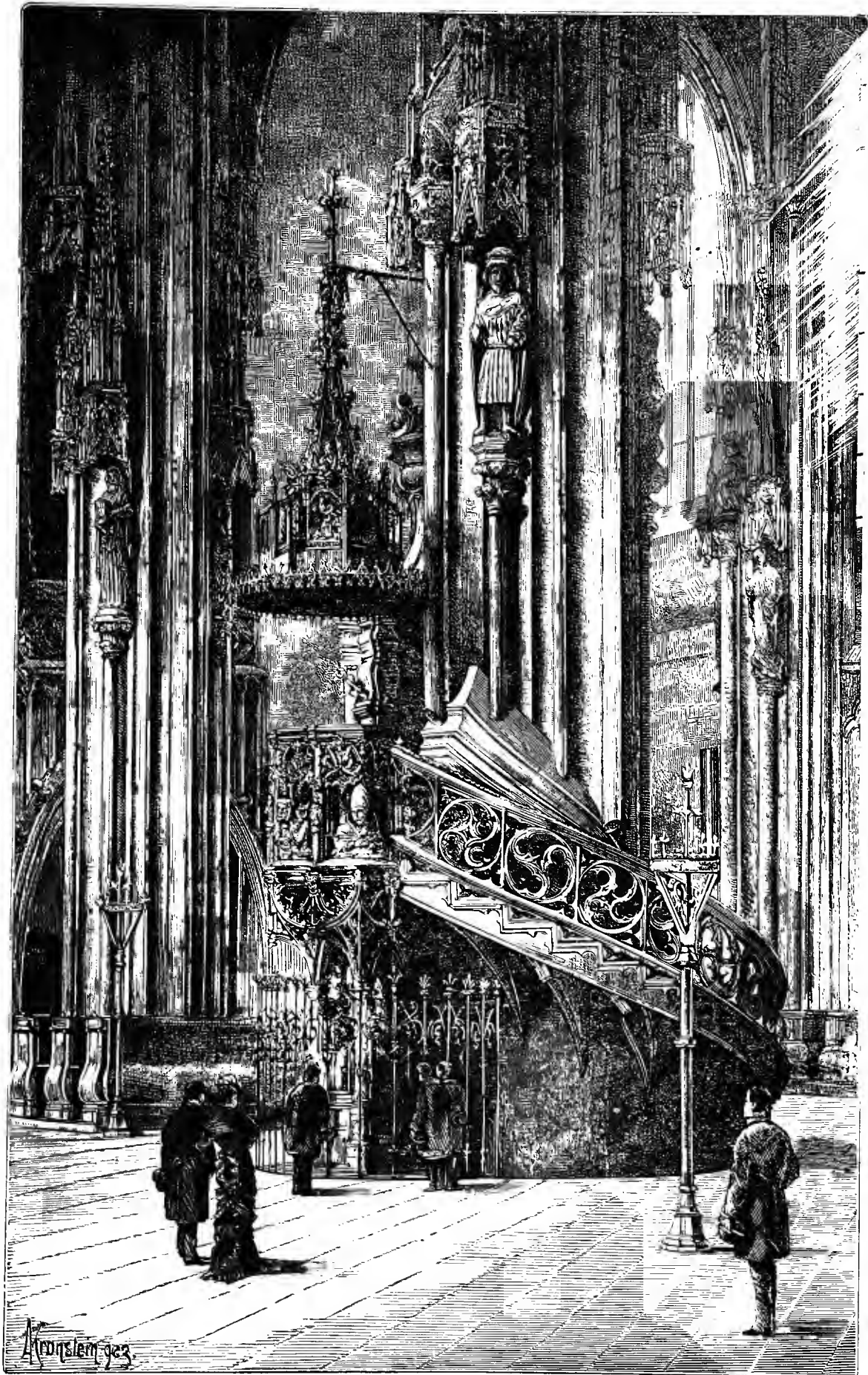
In point of churches, however, nothing bears comparison with the great Stephans-Dom, the Cathedral of St. Stephen, which stands in the very heart of the old city. The busiest life of one of the gayest capitals in Europe



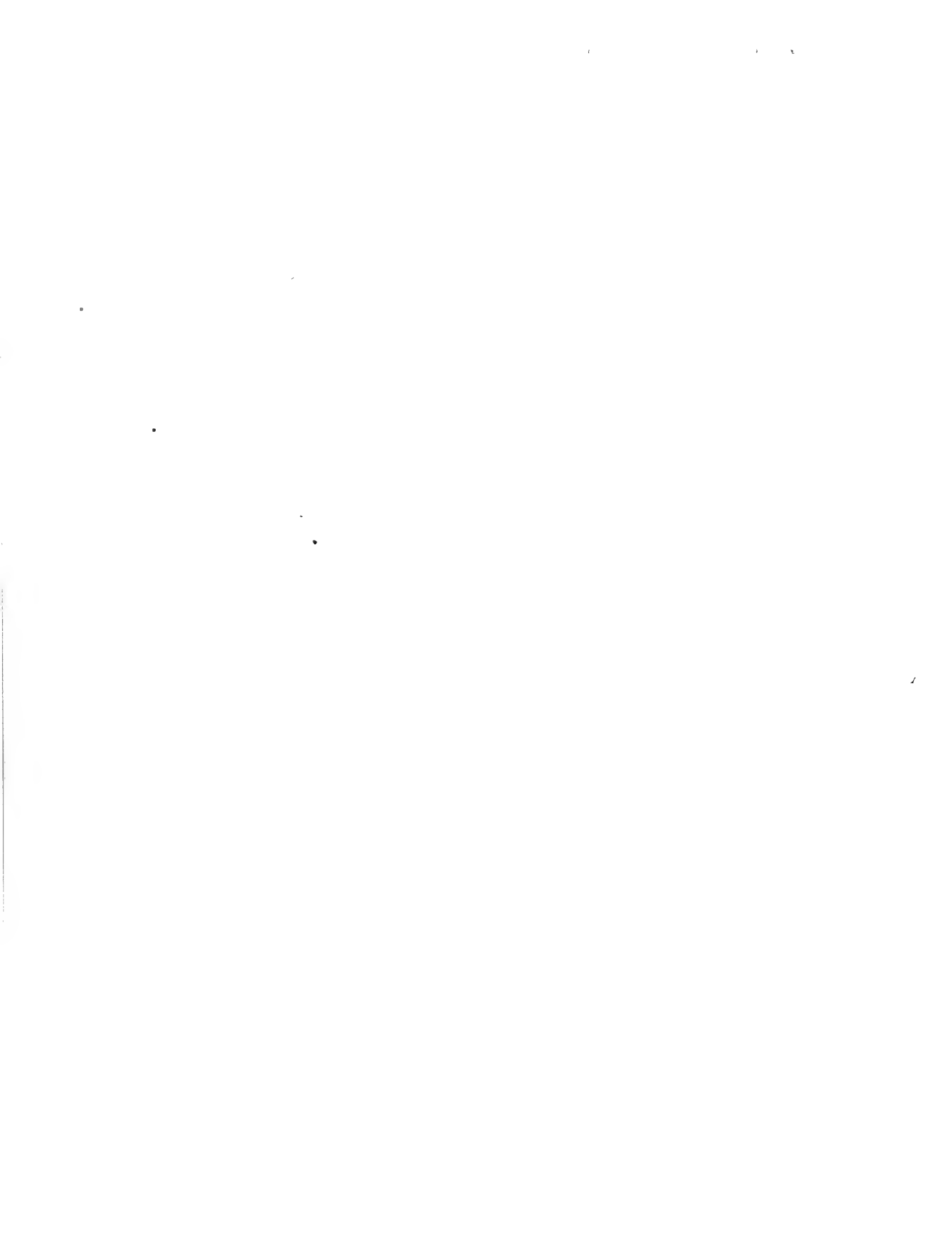
GARDEN OF THE BELVEDERE.

eddies and swirls around it, and beats against its walls all day and all night. One step inside, and you are in a cool, dark solitude, silent and impressive as some primeval forest. A few people are kneeling upon the stone pavement; a priest is moving softly in the chancel; a faint sound of chanting comes at intervals, but the singers are hidden from sight. Standing beside one of the great clustered pillars, and looking up into the darkness of the arches overhead, you allow the spirit of the place to gain full control of you: and presently it is no longer the silence of the forest where no man has been, but a silence full of human life, and passion, and aspiration, that reigns under the great roof, wherein the story of five centuries goes on repeating itself forever.

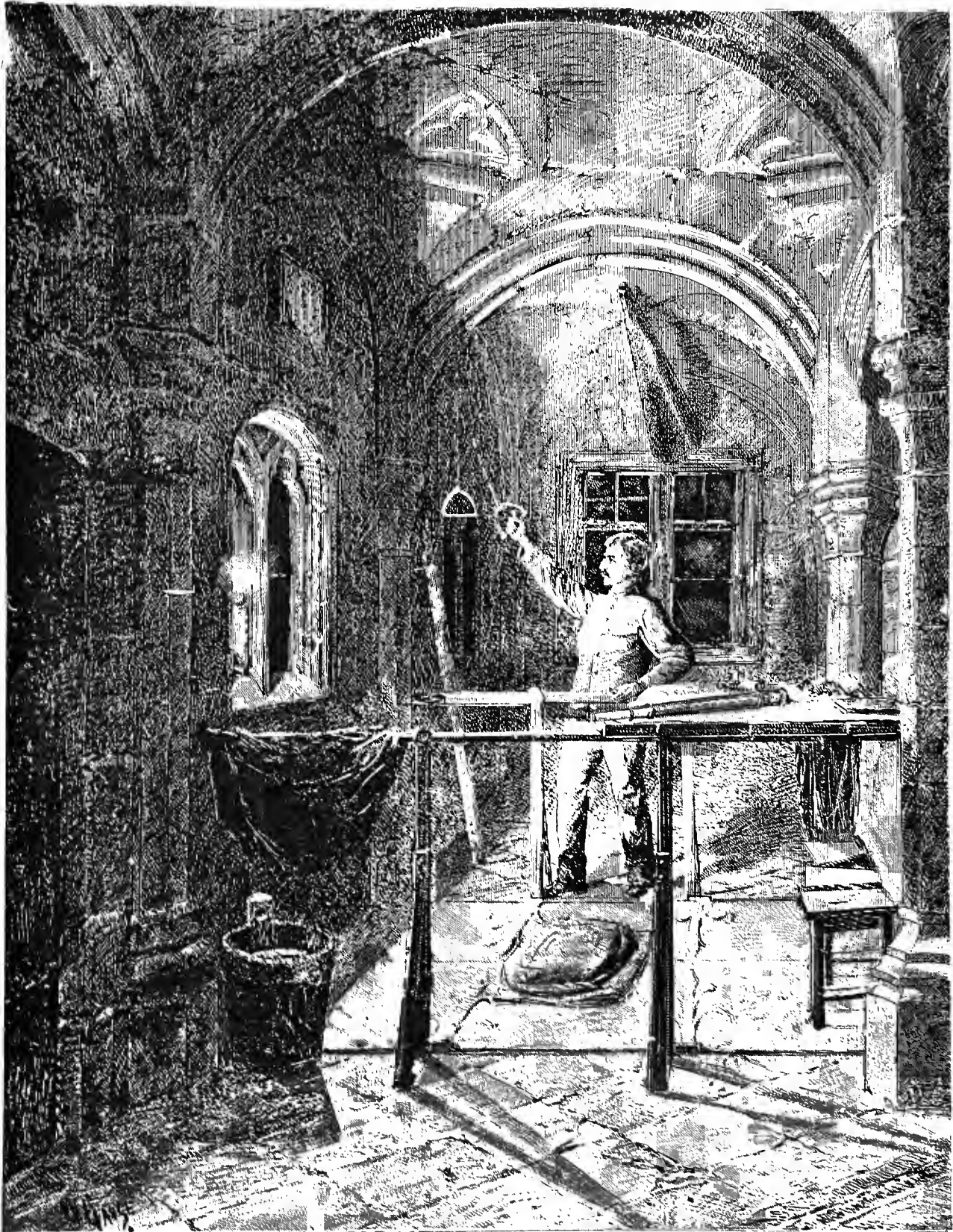
The great tower is considered one of the most beautiful works of Gothic



THE PULPIT IN THE CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.





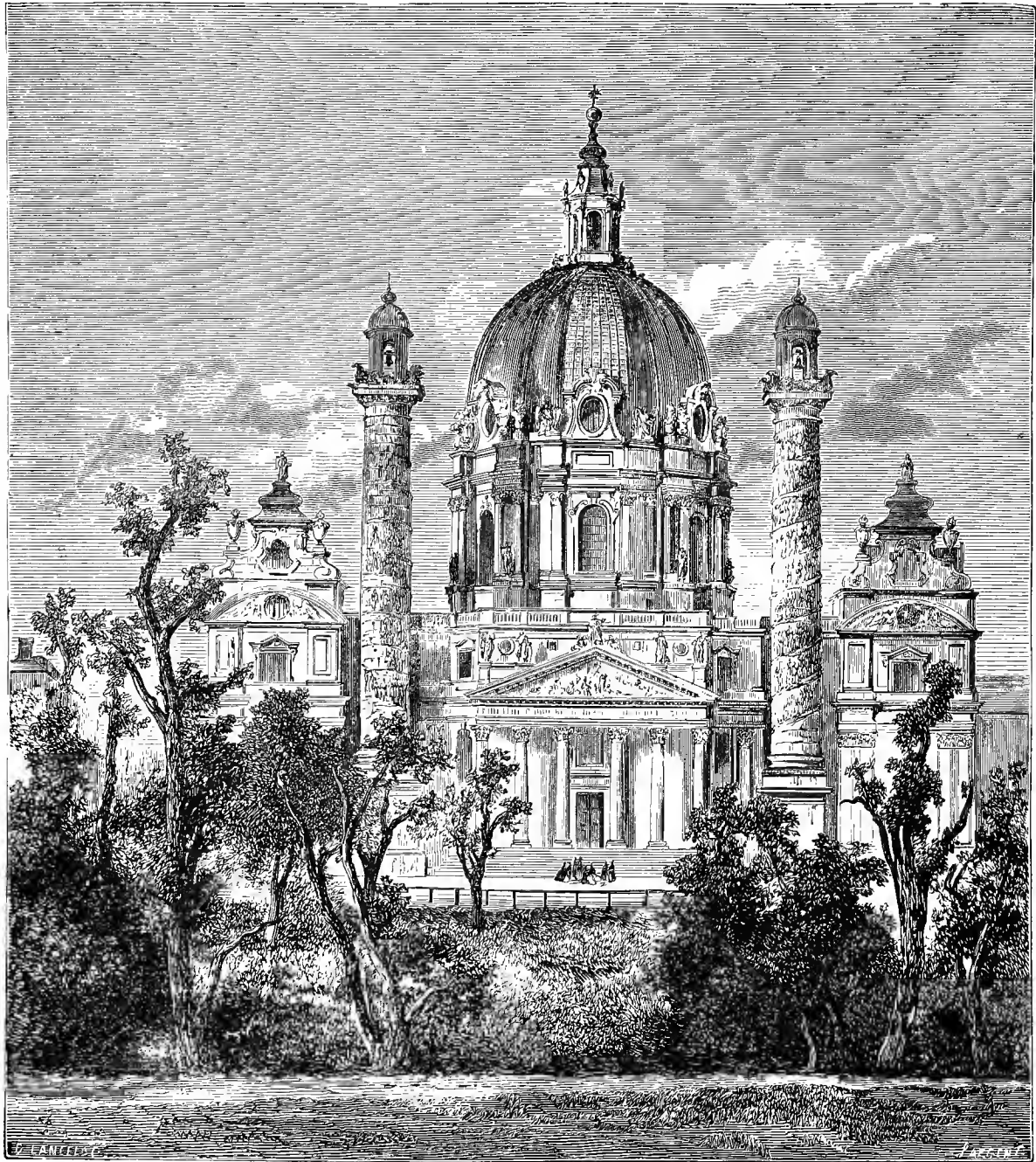


STRIKING CHRISTMAS CHIMES. CATHEDRAL TOWER.

art in the world. It rises to the height of four hundred and forty-four feet, but a trifle less than the spire of Strasburg.

Although we have chosen to follow the great Austrian river as our bes:

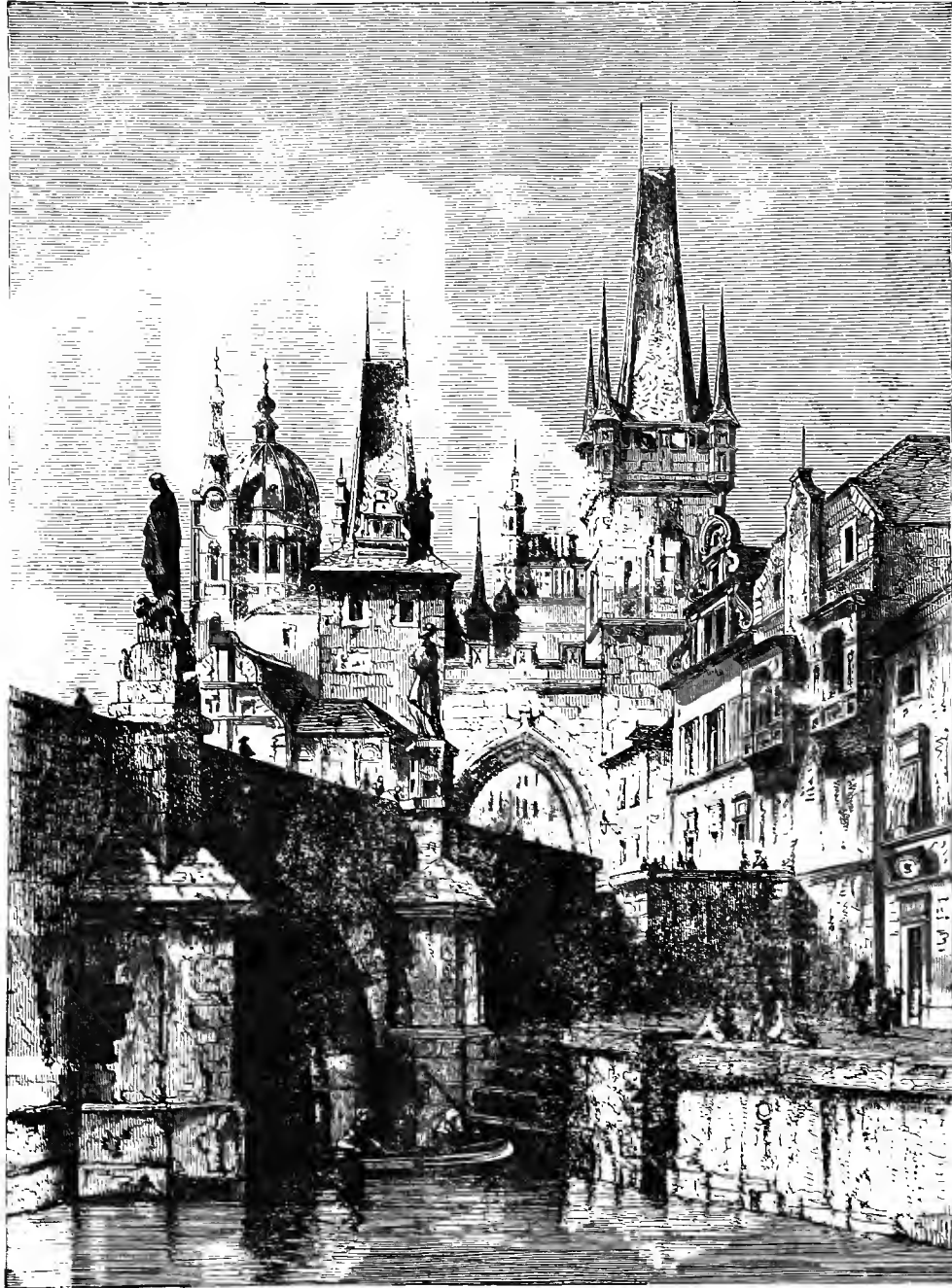
route for a tourist's glance at the Austrian Empire, a detour must be made for Prague, the Bohemian capital, a city of most peculiar and romantic aspect, and venerable historic associations. No one view gives a more suggestive idea of Prague than the illustration on the opposite page, representing the



CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, VIENNA.

angle of the old bridge, and the towers with their arched gateway, where many a desperate struggle has taken place between those who held the bridge and those who sought to force a passage. The bridge itself has sixteen arches, and every buttress is adorned with a statue or a group of figures representing saintly personages dear to Bohemian legend.

Between Prague and Vienna lies the beautiful château of Prince Leichtenstein, — “Eisgrub,” — which not only bears the palm among this nobleman's ninety-nine different residences, but even is a rival to many royal and imperial abodes.



KARLSBRÜCKE, PRAGUE.

“The orangery,” says a recent visitor, “which is more than one hundred and fifty metres in length, contains nine hundred orange-trees, of which several are more than two centuries old. In the hot-houses, among other exotics, are not less than fifteen hundred aloes. The park, watered by the Thaya, is the most beautiful in all Germany. Within its limits are many ornamental struc-

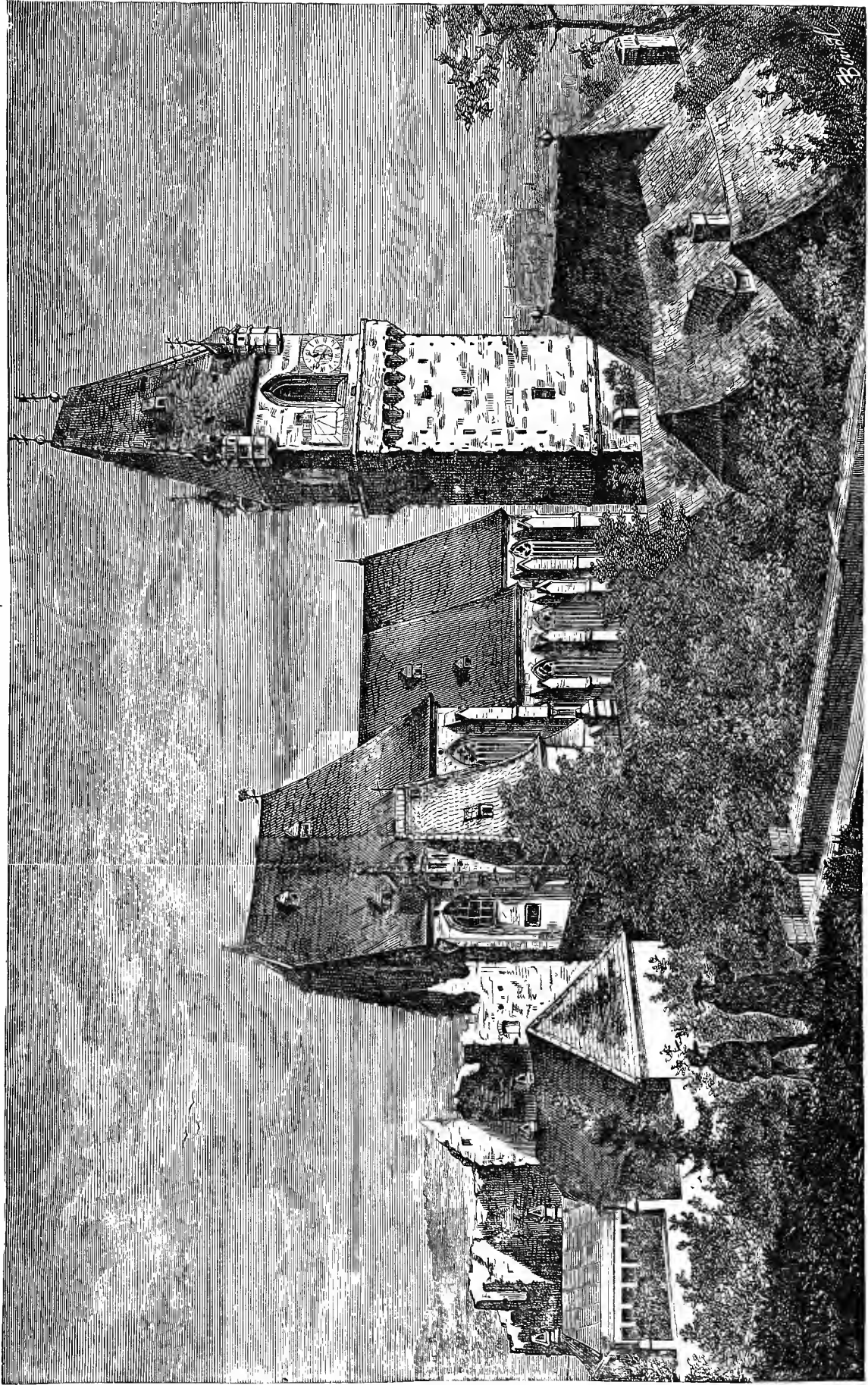
tures, of which we observe specially a mosque, to whose minaret ascends a flight of three hundred steps; a Chinese rotunda; a bath-house and fisherman's cabin of very picturesque construction; a mediæval château, surrounded by a fine menagerië; two temples, one of the Muses, the other of the Graces; several lakes, one of which forms the boundary between Austria and Moravia; and many rustic buildings serving as shelter for cows and sheep. The adjacent forest of Seimer is enclosed by a wall fifteen miles long, at one point of



CASTLE EISGRUB.

which a sort of triumphal arch is erected, ornamented by statues of Endymion, Diana, Actæon, Bacchus, and other mythological personages.”

South from Vienna, at the foot of the Leonhard Mountains, lies the charming Perchtholdsdorf. The popular name of the mountain is Parapluieberg; of the village, Petersdorf; but, in Vienna, these vulgar names have almost entirely given way to the correct ones. Perchtholdsdorf is said to date as far back as Leopold of Babenberg, 983; and history shows that the place was at first in the possession of the nobles. It was for a long time the



CHURCH OF PERCHTHOLDSORF, NEAR VIENNA.



residence of the widows of the dukes. There lived Joanna, the widow of Albert II.; she built a castle, on the site of whose ruins is, to-day, the cemetery of Perchtholdsdorf. There Catherine, the widow of Rudolf IV., and Beatrice, the widow of Albert III., closed their lives. The last-named princess induced Albert VI. to raise Perchtholdsdorf to the rank of a market-town, and to bestow upon it other privileges. Its fortunes are closely interwoven with many an historical event. We are reminded of the dispute between Albert and Frederic, when we read that Albert mortgaged the Castle of Perchtholdsdorf to the Count von Pösing and St. George, in order to be able to maintain his army, and that Count Pösing refused to give it back, and only yielded at length to force. Later, the troops of Mathias Corvinus brought terror to Perchtholdsdorf, and scarcely was the place newly fortified, when, in 1529, the Turkish army drew near. In the year 1605 the troops of Botskay brought mischief and desolation. In the year 1683 the whole market-town was destroyed, and even the church, which is represented in our illustration, was the scene of a fearful deed of horror.

The church rose above the crypt built by Leopold the Glorious, 1208–1209. It is a beautiful monument of the vigorous Gothic style of the Middle Ages. The interior is rich in beauty. Ten slender Gothic pillars support the vault of the dome. Besides the chief altar there are six side altars in the three naves of the church. On the high altar is exhibited the Ascension of Mary and the figure of St. Augustine. The side altars are consecrated to St. Leonhard, John of Nepomuck, Sebastian, the Holy Cross, besides two to Mary. Close by the side altar of St. Leonhard, to the right of the high altar, a trap-door leads into the crypt. The tower, standing apart, built entirely of freestone, rises one hundred and eighty feet from the foundation. Above the clock appears the number "1521," the year in which the tower was finished. The visitor first enters a hall containing a well,—peculiar for a church-tower, but it is easy to understand why it is there, when we consider that the tower was intended as a place of refuge from the dangers of war, and that it was, therefore, necessary to see that it was provided with water. A winding staircase of stone leads to the top of the tower, from which an enchanting view can be enjoyed over a wide and well-wooded landscape.

It was on the 9th of July, 1683, that the first troops of Tartars appeared before the walls of Perchtholdsdorf. The armed citizens drove them back. On the 11th and 12th, likewise, the enemy gained no advantage. On the

14th, fire was thrown into the town. Thirty citizens made a sally, but met with death. The fire spread, and the whole body of citizens saved themselves and their goods in the tower and in the crypt under the church. On the 16th, the Turks offered to the besieged life, and freedom to retire, if they would surrender. The terms agreed upon were that the besieged should pay four thousand gulden as ransom money, should leave the tower, and lay down their arms. At two o'clock the besieged marched out. Now the Turks began a massacre of the defenceless; not fewer than thirty-eight hundred Christians were butchered; many women and children were dragged off into slavery, and the tower and church were given to the flames.

But soon after this dreadful catastrophe the town was re-peopled by some Styrian colonists; in 1703 the newly built houses already numbered two hundred and forty. In 1703, when the plague raged through the surrounding country, Perchtholdsdorf remained untouched. In memory of this the citizens erected a marble column, which is still to be seen on the market-place.

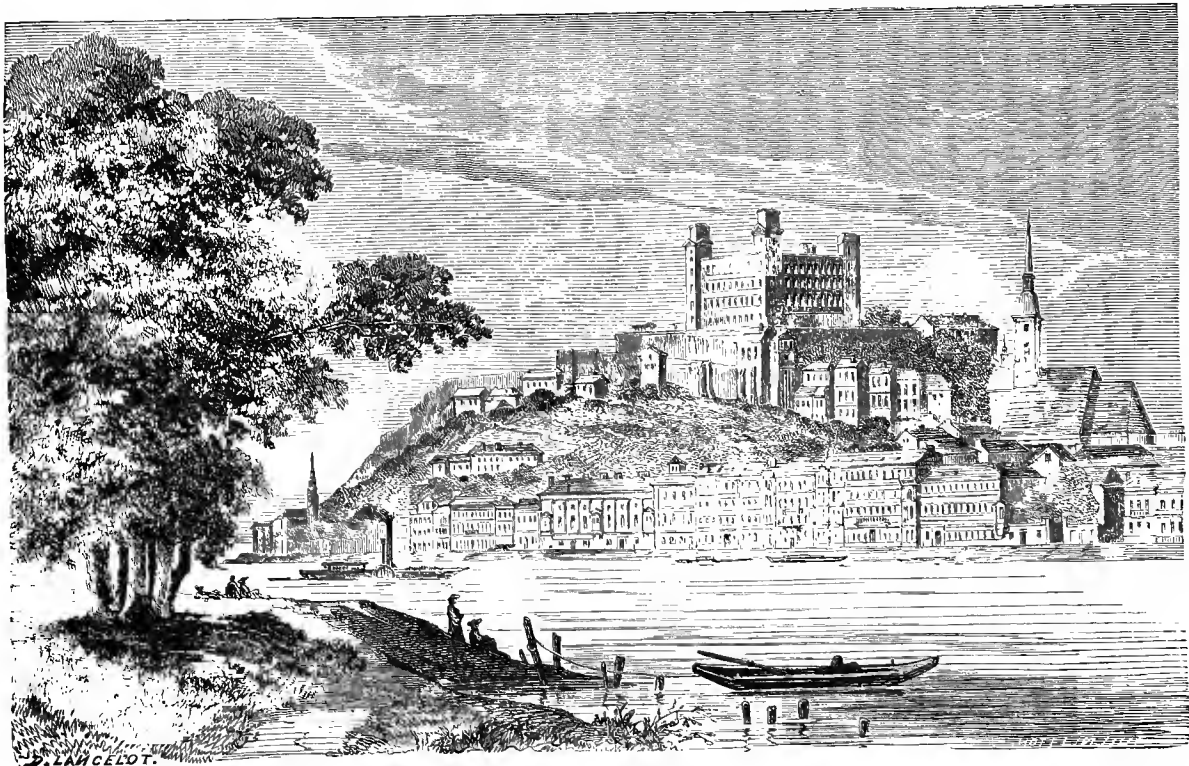
Once more in Vienna, we turn our faces eastward again, and in the early morning accomplish the two hours' journey that brings us over the Hungarian frontier. The north bank of the river is low as far as the entrance into Hungary; on the south, the hills approach nearer, and give variety to the landscape.

It is not, however, due to its picturesque quality that this region so strangely fascinates the traveller's mind. It has been the border land of the Aryan nations of Europe, and no frontier was ever the scene of hotter strife. Here, on the southern side of the river, over a space now covered by three villages, stretched the great Roman fortress of Carnuntum, whence the legions held in check the Quadi of Moravia and the Jazygi of the Theiss. Ten emperors successively made this stronghold their abode for longer or shorter periods, and here Marcus Aurelius wrote his famous "Thoughts." But in 375 the Quadi got the better of their powerful enemy, and reduced Carnuntum to a mass of ruins. It was never rebuilt, Vienna, then Vindobona, becoming a more important strategic point; but, to the present time, the traces of Roman occupation are so visible, and inscriptions, medals, beautiful fragments of all sorts, Styrian, Italian, and even African marbles so abundant, that it is easy to reconstruct in our thoughts the ancient city. At Petronel was the city properly so called; at Deutsch-Altenburg, the camp, whose outline can be plainly traced; and at Hainburg, the fortress, covering with its



works the entire hill. Roman aqueducts still convey water to the modern village, and at Petronel is the remnant of a Roman edifice of great size, which is known as "the Heathen's Gate."

Changing the line of defence for one at right angles with it, this region has been the frontier of the nations of Europe against the Turks, with the disadvantage that the Danube served as a highway to bring these dangerous neighbors up to the very walls of Vienna. For nearly two hundred years their incursions were the terror of Central Europe, until the gallant Pole, Sobieski, drove them for the last time from the Austrian capital.



THE QUAY AT PRESSBURG.

Lastly, at the beginning of this century the great plains just outside of Vienna were the scene of two of Napoleon's most successful battles, — Aspern and Wagram; and on the low, wooded, uninhabited island of Lobau, which we pass half an hour after leaving the city, he made his camp with one hundred and fifty thousand infantry, thirty thousand horses, and three hundred guns.

Such are the salient points in the history of this little space of river, and meadow and hillsides, lying between Vienna and Pressburg, — the Roman occupation, the Turkish invasions, the campaign of Napoleon. We sum them up in a few lines, — these three great epics; but what a tremendous spectacle was each in its turn, and what pen can describe, what imagination can picture,

the countless dramas of individual life involved in each! And now the great stage is empty—the actors gone; we sail idly down the blue river in the morning sunshine, and neither Roman nor French eagle nor Turkish crescent bars our way.

Through a defile, formed by the Lesser Carpathians on the north and the Leitha range of hills on the south, we enter Hungary, and in fifteen minutes we are at anchor before Pressburg, whose chief interest seems to be that it was formerly for a time the capital of the kingdom.

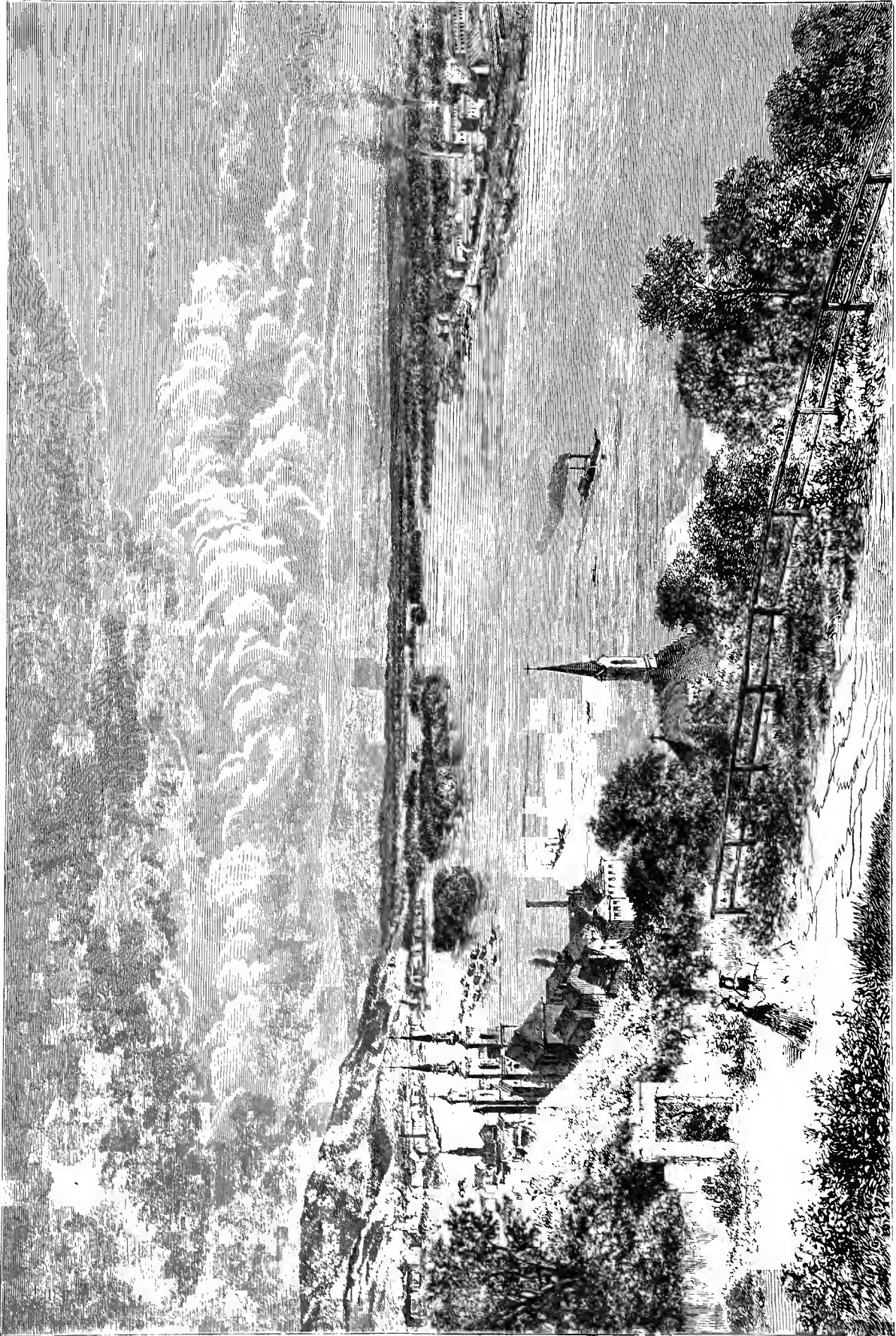
After a half-hour's delay we are again in motion, and we soon find ourselves in the land of a new language, or rather of half a dozen new languages. Not a river, not a mountain, not a town, but bears three or four names,—Latin, German, Magyar, Slave, Roumanian.

Leaving Pressburg, the river flows through an immense plain, and stretching out an arm to the right and one to the left embraces two enormous islands, the larger of which is fifty-five miles long, and contains about a hundred villages!

Farther on, with the reappearance of higher ground on the southern bank, we come upon some of the most famous Hungarian vineyards. Their produce is estimated at from eighteen to nineteen millions of hectolitres annually, and is almost entirely consumed by the inhabitants. There is also great abundance of corn and of tobacco. Hungary is, indeed, one of the most fertile countries in the world, and, well governed, would speedily become one of the richest.

Beyond Gram, where the great dome of the Cathedral rises picturesquely on a hill, resembling St. Peter's at Rome, the landscape grows more sombre; the mountains close down upon the river, and shut it into a sort of defile. Emerging from this defile, the stream turns a sharp corner, and flows due south in a wide channel having many islands. The plain recommences, more level, more monotonous than before. We have lost all the charming scenery that makes the Danube so attractive at some points of its course.

Meantime the sun has gone down; but as we draw near Pesth, towards nine in the evening, the full moon lights up the landscape with almost the brilliancy of day. We can see that there are many villages and cultivated fields, and the river is alive with boats of every description. All things announce the approach to a capital. We sail among small, low islands, covered with trees to the water's edge. One of these, the largest, conceals Buda



THE DANUBE AT BUDA.



from our sight. As we sail past we hear music, and catch a glimpse of flying skirts of white and rose-color, beneath the trees. They are dancing in the open air.

## THE LAST OF THE ARPADS.

IN Buda's lofty castle towers in the chapel of Saint John,  
Behind the mighty dead in pomp the funeral sweeps on ;  
The covering of velvet, the coffin all of gold,  
Tell of the rank and royal state that coffin doth enfold.

The old and young, the rich and poor, are crowding one and all,  
Grief sits on every face, from every eye the teardrops fall ;  
The tolling bells are mingling their melancholy boom :  
Who is it to be buried ? who closed within the tomb ?

The last branch of an ancient root that from an ancient day  
Had flourished in the Magyar land, and over it held sway :  
The blood drops last and latest of the Arpad line so brave,  
King Andrew's corpse the mourning crowd are following to the grave.

But who is this that kneeleth, bending low beside the bier,  
Muttering a prayer while kneeling there, and shedding many a tear,  
In garb of woe, from top to toe, in a black veil bedight,  
Looking like daybreak bursting on the middle hour of night ?

It is the poor Elizabeth, orphaned by yonder bier,  
So full of charms, so pleasant, like the spring-time of the year ;  
'T is she, the beautiful, alas ! orphan of fatherland,  
Her soul and body like a flower crushed by the frost's cold hand.

High o'er her head the stormy clouds are gathering to break,  
And above her and around her a thicker darkness make ;  
And faction's twining serpent and intrigue's spider net,  
Leagued in a dark conspiracy, her every path beset.

Against this dastard host has risen a brave and gallant knight,  
To shield the last of Arpad's blood with the weapons of his might, —  
Matthias Csak the pillar of this house august and old, —  
Not two such sons the Magyar land within its bounds doth hold.

This veteran for the regal house thinks life a forfeit due,  
For freedom and for fatherland he bursts his heart in two ;  
He struggles like a giant man, alas ! in vain, in vain,  
For on the throne of Arpad's race no king shall sit again.

Andrew descends forevermore into the chilly tomb ;  
Not for the throne Elizabeth, for her the convent's gloom ;  
And the brave knight who for her right so nobly stood alone  
Is crushed beneath the ruins of the Arpad's ancient throne.

We round the island, and a splendid picture bursts upon the view. Before us the river, dotted with sails, among which shoots here and there a steamboat, with streaming feather of smoke; at the right, Buda, once a Turkish city, seated on its hill-top, like a pacha upon his divan; at the left, a broad quay, stretching two miles in length, lined with handsome white buildings, — most of them with porticos and colonnades, — and the city rising behind; rows and rows of roofs, cut by a few steeples, and relieved against a violet sky worthy of Italy. We are at Pesth.

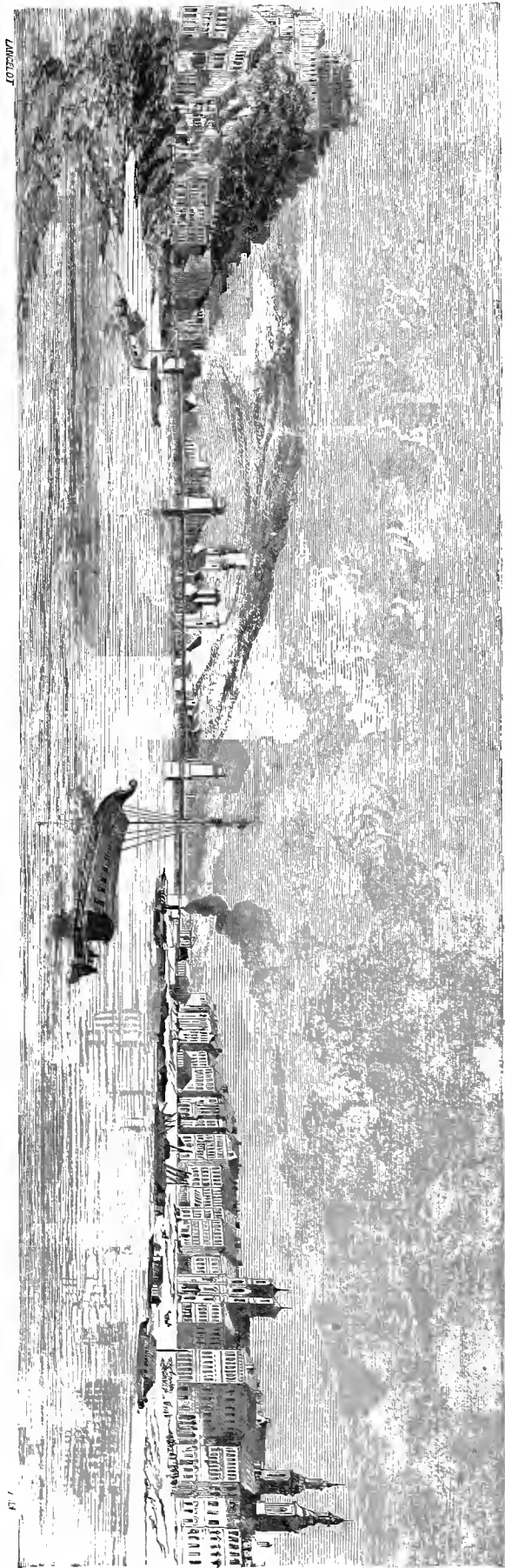
We land near the bridge, and find ourselves in the midst of a gay, gesticulating throng. The buildings on the quay prove to be cafés, restaurants, and hotels of the better class, — real polyglot establishments, where you hear French, German, English, Italian, and Hungarian, all spoken in a breath. Outside, the style of construction is elegant; within, there is great display, — spacious dining-rooms, opening into courtyards filled with shrubs and flowers; broad staircases of easy ascent; marble and stucco everywhere; walls lined with mirrors, and ceilings brilliant with fresco-painting.

There is much to see in Pesth, but first of all the traveller is attracted by the people. It is a new race, and the eye is never satisfied with watching this crowd of handsome men and women, whose movements are so vivacious, whose type of face is so well marked, and whose attire is so novel and picturesque.

And it is truly a superb race. The women have an air of decision and character — something frank and cavalier in their bearing — that suggests Scott's heroine, Di Vernon. The whole effect is, perhaps, a trifle masculine; but such good fellows they are, and so handsome! Their costume lends a little to the illusion. It scarcely differs from the man's save by the addition of a skirt. There is the white shirt gathered around the neck, and having long, full sleeves, trimmed at the wrist with wide lace; the tight jacket, red, black, or green, with fringes, cords, and buttons of silver, outlining well the slender waist; and, fastened upon one shoulder, in hussar-fashion, the short dolman of velvet or silk. Add to this the familiar national hat, turned up very high at the sides, and surmounted by an aigrette of feathers. The well-arched foot is shod with a neat brodequin, sometimes with an elegant red morocco boot, the spur clinking gayly as the fair wearer walks.

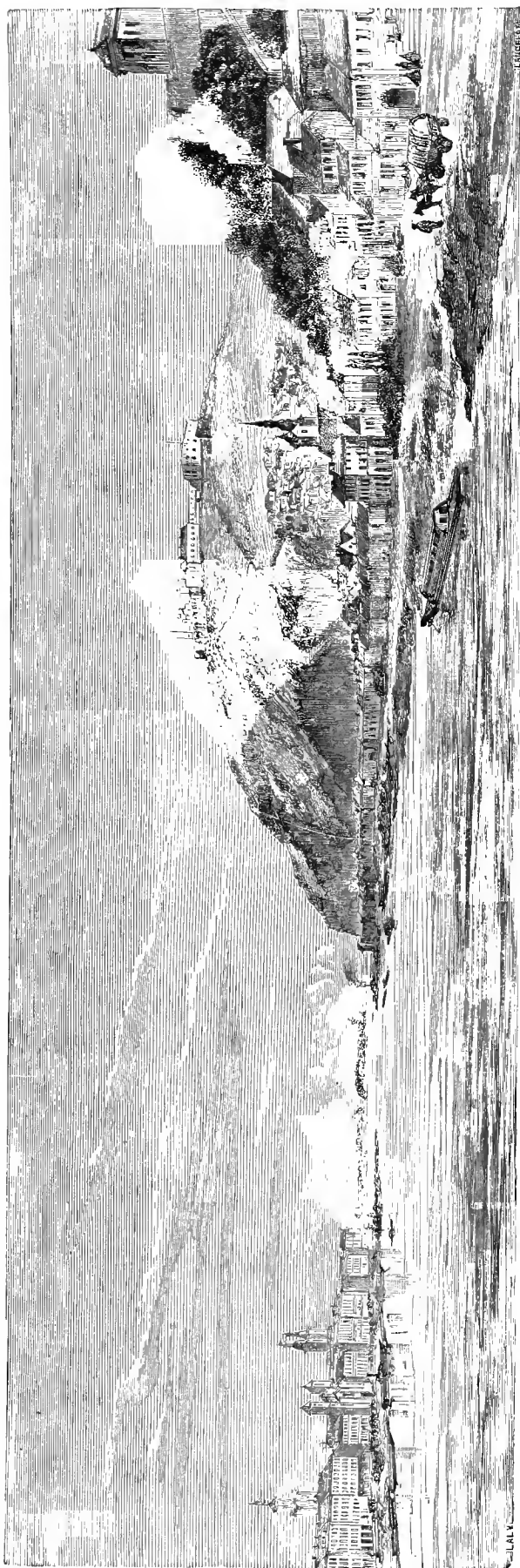
The markets are characteristic and picturesque. They are held usually along the quays. Long rows of wagons are ranged on the river-side; all of

them are of the same shape. Four-wheeled, long, and narrow, they form at the back a kind of tent to which are hung great baskets of fruit and vegetables, and cages filled with fowls. While the husband displays and sells his merchandise, the wife, — for the whole family are present, — down on the river's edge, is cooking the dinner in a great iron pot, over an improvised fire. A mat, placed on the ground and surrounded by hoops fastened into the earth and supporting a second mat, shelters the children, who chatter and play together or lie asleep, while the horses — there are always two — wander about, picking up every stray bit of hay or provender. The sight of these primitive wagons carries back one's thoughts to the time when Attila's savage hordes debouched for the first time upon the Dacian plains. At the same instant appeared a human being who might have been himself one of the veritable companions of "the Scourge of God." It was a peasant, with flat nose, round eyes, broad and prominent cheek-bones; mustache long and drooping, complexion bronze, clad in sheep-skin jacket and loose trousers of coarse linen, held round the waist by a scarf fringed out at the edges, and hanging down to the heavy hob-nailed, spurred boots. On his head was a broad-brimmed hat, the brim turned up, half hiding his ears, behind which hung down two long braids of hair. It



THE BRIDGE AT PESTH.

was amusing to watch this figure, wandering along the streets, looking about



VIEW OF THE CITADEL AT PESTH.

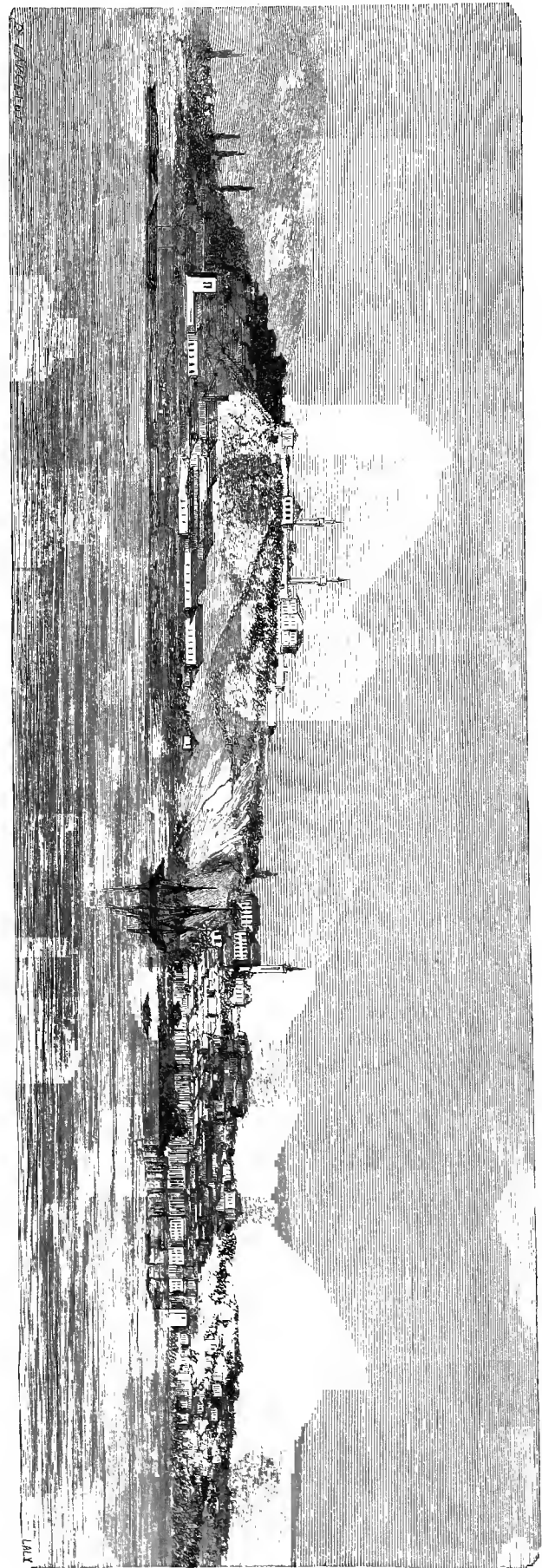
him with the simple-minded and confused air of the savage. Suddenly he stood still before a *magasin de confection* for women, where was displayed a complete assortment of dresses, mantles, and outside garments of the latest Viennese fashion. For a long time he eyed these varied products of modern civilization, turning from one to another, and shaking his head like a man at once perplexed and dissatisfied. Finally, doubtless despairing of finding what he sought, he addressed himself to the shop-woman, saying something in a heavy, guttural voice, of which but one word was at all familiar to a foreign ear, — *crinolinoch!* It was amusing to see his surprise when a kind of haircloth cage, stiffened with whalebones in guise of springs, which was hanging outside, was taken down and held before him. He turned it round and round, seeming to ask himself what use could be made of this by the village coquette whose messenger he doubtless was. It required the reiterated assurances and demonstrations of the shop-woman to persuade him to make the purchase.

Towards sunset we pass the mouth of the Drave, a river broad and deep enough to carry vessels of a hundred and fifty tons; but the addition of this enormous mass of water seems to produce no effect upon the mighty stream



on which we are sailing. Below the influx of the Drave, the right shore, which belongs to Slavonia, rises in low hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, the Hungarian bank still remaining level.

The two cities, Semlin and Belgrade, are situated on the right shore of the river; the Save, which here falls into the Danube, making the separation between Semlin, the Austrian city, and Belgrade, the capital of Servia. The former is, however, essentially a Servian city; although German is the official language, Servian is that used in all affairs of daily life. The town itself, lying well up from the river, — for the Danube is a dangerous neighbor, from whom it is safe to keep one's distance, — is dull and unattractive, and we hastened to take the ferry-boat for Belgrade, which lay temptingly stretched out before us: in the centre of the picture a hill, covered with brown, sun-dried vegetation, two or three white roads ascending it in serpentine fashion, and upon the summit, long white walls enclosing a great square building, apparently a barrack, gardens, and a mosque surmounted by two sharp-pointed minarets. At the right, on lower ground, sloping gently to the river, lies the city, — a crowd of European-looking houses, surmounted by one tall church-tower. On the left, apparently a second city under the



VIEW OF BELGRADE.

hill, hidden amid fruit-trees, above which lifted itself here and there a solitary



cypress. All this, seen from a distance, blurred by the luminous morning mist which hung beneath a blue sky of exquisite purity, promised well, and, by the help of some imagination, announced the Orient.

Of the towns and villages that now line the river banks, our view is so brief that no description is possible. One only shall have mention, for the sake of its place in history, — Nicopolis, — lying picturesquely stretched along a beautiful plain, adorned with many trees, and commanded by two hills, the one on the right crowned with a fortress of which little more than the flagstaves are discernible, that on the left surmounted by what appears to be a tower of observation. The city itself seems large and closely built, and retreats away from the river up the ravine that lies between the two hills.

This is all that we can see as we sail past in the soft September afternoon. History relates that here, almost five centuries ago, on such a September day as this, an army of crusaders, the flower of French chivalry, were cut to pieces — massacred almost to a man — by the Turkish sultan Bajazet, surnamed “El Derim,” or “The Lightning.” The Ottoman Turks were threatening Christendom, Froissart tells us; Bajazet had sworn to feed his horse from the high altar of St. Peter’s in Rome.

Thereupon ensued a fresh outbreak of those crusades, so often renewed throughout the fourteenth century. All the knighthood of France arose to avenge the insult. In April, 1396, the crusading army set forth under its youthful leader, and made its noisy way through Germany, everywhere displaying its valiant ardor, its presumptuous thoughtlessness, and its chivalrous irregularity. They marched gayly down the valley of the Danube, esteeming the crusade a party of pleasure. At Nicopolis they met the Turkish army. When they knew that a battle was imminent, the King of Hungary proposed that they should send forward first his foot-soldiers and light cavalry against the enemy's skirmishers, and that the heavy-armed knights should hold themselves in reserve against the real attack of the whole Ottoman force. But no one was willing to stay behind; they all rushed forward, and fell upon whatever enemy showed himself; and so arrived, exhausted and in disorder, at the summit of a hill, where they were received by that formidable body of janizaries, then but lately organized, who had easy work with the breathless and disordered Christian host. Ten thousand captives were put to death by command of the sultan; only the young Count of Nevers and twenty-four French nobles were spared, and retained as prisoners; nor did they see their homes again, till, after much negotiation and the elapse of over a year in captivity, the heavy ransom was paid which the victorious Turk required.

Meantime we are approaching Giurgevo. A certain monotony now overhangs everything; the wide and tranquil current, the cloudless sky, the remote shores, are the same, hour after hour. Suddenly a little variety is introduced into the scene; the boat nears the Bulgarian shore, and we stop for a few minutes at a little village surmounted by a solitary white tower,—the last landing, they tell us, before we reach Rustchuk. Again in motion, we are near enough to the shore to observe it. There is no trace of a road, or of any human industry, along this shore, and still the beach is strewn with great square blocks of stone.

We stop first at Rustchuk, where the usual activity of an important landing prevails; then, swinging out into the stream again, we cross to the opposite shore, and disembark at Giurgevo. Thus ends our journey through the Heart of Europe.

## BISHOP BRUNO.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,  
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright :  
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,  
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,  
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again ;  
He rang at the palace gate once more,  
And Death was the Porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,  
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream ;  
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, —  
O, glad was he when he saw the daylight !

Now he goes forth in proud array,  
For he with the Emperor dines to-day ;  
There was not a baron in Germany  
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,  
The people thronged to see their pride ;  
They bowed the head, and the knee they bent,  
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,  
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,  
“ Ho ! ho ! Bishop Bruno ! you travel with glee, —  
But I would have you know you travel to me ! ”

Behind and before and on either side  
He looked, but nobody he espied ;  
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,  
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,  
He almost expected to hear his knell;  
And when the porter turned the key,  
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recovered his glee,  
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;  
And now the tables were spread, and there  
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,  
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—  
“With the Emperor now you are dining with glee,  
But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!”

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,  
And suddenly lost his appetite;  
All the wine and dainty cheer  
Could not comfort his heart that was sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,  
For the wine went flowing merrily,  
Till at length he forgot his former dread,  
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare  
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,  
But when the maskers entered the hall,  
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd  
There went a voice hollow and loud,—  
“You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee,  
But you must pass the night with me!”

His cheek grows pale, and his eyeballs glare,  
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his hair;  
With that there came one from the maskers' band,  
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,  
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;  
On saints in vain he attempted to call,  
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.











